

The Colon

HEDGE FENCES.

(From the Gardeners' Chronicle.)

The Whitethorn is by far the best plant for fences, in land which it likes; but it does not always answer the expectation of its planters. It will grow free in any land that is not very poor or wet. It does not dislike heavy clay, and it succeeds admirably in rich light soils, but in marshy situations, or in sterile sands, it is not worth planting.

The mode of multiplying it is, quantity of sand; found in the haws, the spread over with a thick layer of subject to be covered in a dry place. In March they at any time, sifted from the sand, and sown broadcast, to a depth of one inch, being covered about an inch with soil. Further care they require none. Some of them will come up the first year, some the second, many the third, and some the fourth; so that the seeds need not be sown very thin; for the successive thinnings, as the plants are removed, will form room for the new seedlings, or "layer," as it is technically called.

The layer should be used when two years old, at which time, if well managed, it will be nine inches high. It is customary to pull it up with the hands, guarded by stout-leather gloves, and to shorten the roots by removing all the tap-root up to the bunch of fibres which springs from the crown. In this state it is fit for planting.

Many persons prefer to use transplanted quick in hedge-making; but we doubt whether anything is really gained by doing so; and for large operations the latter is too expensive. If, however, it is wished to prepare quick for such a purpose, it is only necessary to plant the layer, root-pruned as above-described, in rows a foot apart, and to lift it partially every year, by introducing the spade on one side, until the plants are as large as is required. They must be lifted annually, or they will form coarse roots without fibres, and it will become difficult to transplant them with any certainty.

When the quick is ready for making a hedge, it is either planted on the level ground (in which case it must be guarded by hurdles), or upon the top of a bank. The latter is a bad plan, because in the summer the bank becomes very dry, and the young quick, being deprived of the moisture required for its nourishment, becomes stunted and stops growing. It is far better to plant it on the level of the ground. But the necessity of ditching estates, and the convenience of banks as separators of fields, will probably always cause the preference to be given to planting upon them. In this case the quick should be placed on the top, and on no account at the sides, as it is commonly practised in some of our counties.

The best way of planting it is to put in a layer 12 inches apart, in double rows, a foot asunder, taking care that the plants in one row alternate with those in the other. They should not be cut back when planted, but left at full length.

The second year after planting, one row should be cut down to within five or six inches of the ground, and the other row left untouched. The next year the latter should be cut down in like manner. After this the hedge will require no other care than to cut back the leading shoots every year whenever they are becoming too strong, so as to keep the mass a compact thicket of entangled branches.

These are, in our opinion, the essential points to observe. In addition, it should be borne in mind that the Whitethorn is greedy of manure, and that the better the soil the sooner a fence will be made. The plants, of course, should be kept quite clean by frequent hoeing and loosening the surface soil.

We know that many persons will prefer layers more than two years old. We doubt, however, whether the advantage of employing large quicks is equal to the great additional expense; at least there is no doubt that if the Whitethorn is not allowed to become dry, but is root-pruned and planted in the autumn, immediately after being taken out of the ground, a very respectable fence will be formed in four years.

CHEESE MADE FROM POTATOES.—Cheese, it is said, of an extremely fine quality, is manufactured from potatoes in Thuringia and part of Saxony, in the following manner:—After having collected a quantity of potatoes of a good quality, giving the preference to the large white kind, they are boiled in a cauldron, and, becoming cool, they are peeled and reduced to a pulp, either by means of a grater or a mortar. To 5 lb. of this pulp, which ought to be as equal as possible, is added 1 lb. of sour milk and the necessary quantity of salt. The whole is kneaded together and the mixture covered up and allowed to remain for three or four days, according to the season. At the end of this time it is kneaded again, and the cheese placed in little baskets, where the superfluous moisture is allowed to escape. They are then allowed to dry in the shade, and placed in layers in large pots or vessels, where they must remain for 15 days. The older these cheeses are the more their quality improves. Two kinds of them are made. The first, which is the most common, is made according to the proportions above indicated; the second, with four parts of potatoes and four parts of ewe or cow milk. These cheeses have this advantage over every other kind, that they do not engender worms, and keep fresh for a great number of years, provided they are placed in a dry situation, and in well closed vessels.—Doncaster Chronicle.

SAW-DUST AS MANURE.—We formerly stated that Mr. Simon Drummond, and other farmers, were in the habit of using saw-dust, mixed with dung, as manure. Mr. Home Drummond, M. P., in a short communication to the Highland Society, states that he has been in the habit of using saw-dust in agriculture for a number of years, but without dung. "I have," he says, "kept it in composts for about three years, which time has appeared to me necessary for its decomposition. This process is greatly facilitated by mixing the saw-dust with lime, in proportions of about one-tenth part of lime, and the compost is much improved by the addition of road-scraps, or earth of any sort that can be procured. The saw-dust heap is a convenient place of deposit for dead animals, which are thus disposed of to great advantage. A compost of this kind, which has been well mixed and decomposed, and turned over by the spade at proper times, will produce an excellent crop of turnips."—Inverness Courier.

TO PREPARE JUNKET.—Take a quart of milk warm from the cow, and stir in a tea-spoonful of rennet, and let it stand till curdled, which, if the rennet is of proper strength, will be in about fifteen minutes; grate over it a little nutmeg, and sweeten with maple molasses or honey. It is an excellent dish for supper. [In Scotland, cream is used instead of nutmeg and molasses.—Ed.]

THE VETERAN PEERS.—The names of some of the old members of the House of Commons, who have attained the venerable age of 70, are:—Abercromby, Lord, 75; Delamere, Lord, 75; Dinorben, Lord, 75; Donegal, Marquis, 73; Dorset, Duke, 75; Dynevor, Lord, 77; Ferrers, Earl, 82; Grafton, Duke, 82; Grey, Earl, 77; Gray, Lord, 78; Hamilton, Duke, 75; Harrowby, Earl, 80; Huntley, Marquis, 81; Leitrim, Earl, 74; Limerick, Earl, 84; Lonsdale, Earl, 85; Ludlow, Earl, 84; Lynedoch, Lord, 92; Macclesfield, Earl, 87; Manchester, Duke, 74; Manners, Lord, 86; Maryborough, Lord, 79; Mayo, Earl, 76; Middleton, Lord, 73; Mostyn, Lord, 74; Norfolk, Duke, 77; Northwick, Lord, 72; Plunket, Lord, 73; Plymouth, Earl, 74; Ponsonby, Lord, 72; Portland, Duke, 74; Rolle, Lord, 86; Rossmore, Earl, 77; Saye and Sele, Lord, 73; Shaftesbury, Earl, 74; Sidmouth, Lord, 85; Sinclair, Lord, 74; Stamford, Earl, 77; Stanley, Lord, 76; St. Germain's, Earl, 75; Strathallan, Lord, 75; St. Vincent, Lord, 76; Teynham, Lord, 74; Wellesley, Marquis, 82; Wellington, Duke, 72; Western, Lord, 75; Westminster, Marquis, 75; Wynford, Lord, 75.

IMPORTANT TO CAPTAINS AND OWNERS OF VESSELS, AND TO PURCHASERS OF WRECK.—By the 5th and 6th of Wm. IV., cap. 19, Seamen who have been wrecked can recover their wages, up to the day of the wreck, before a magistrate residing near the place where the ship was wrecked; and whatever of the ship may have been saved is liable to seizure for seamen's wages, although in the hands of a purchaser. "The law has been determined, and is," says a high authority, "that the seaman has a lien upon the very last plank for his wages, in cases of wreck."

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.—The author of the Log, as we learn from a short preface of the new edition, was a Mr. Michael Scott, who was born at Edinburgh in the year 1789, and who received his education at the High School of that town. It appears that several years of his life were spent in the West Indies; that he ultimately married, returned home, and embarked in commercial speculations in his native country. It was during the leisure that such occupations afforded that the Log itself was composed; but notwithstanding the popularity of the papers, and the interest and curiosity which they excited, not only in Scotland, but in Europe and America, Mr. Scott preserved his incognito to the last. He survived his publisher for some years, and it was not till the death of the author that the sons of Mr. Blackwood were aware of the name of one who had so long and successfully contributed to their able and entertaining miscellany.

THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE SOUP.—The royal bill of fare constantly includes this excellent potage, the recipe for which I obtained by special favour. I subjoin the necessary proportions for a party of a dozen persons. Skin and entirely clean out the insides of three fat fowls, or chickens, according to the season; let them be well washed in warm water; put them into a stew pan for an hour, covered with strong veal broth, and add a good-sized bunch of parsley. Take out the fowls, and soak the crumb of two French rolls in the liquor; cut the meat off; take away the skin, and pound the flesh in a mortar, adding the soaked crumb, and the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs. Force this through a coarse sieve, and put it into a quart of cream that has been previously boiled; re-warm for table. Observations.—If you desire to have a small tureen of this royal preparation upon an economical plan, parboil a couple of fowls, use the wings and breast for a fricassee, and make your soup of the legs, necks, and backs, taking care that your consommé of veal is sufficiently strong to make amends for the absence of fowl, and following the previous directions in all other respects.—Atlas.

THE RUSSIAN CLERGY.—The Russians themselves allow that their clergy are deplorably ignorant; and, in many cases, coarse and vicious. This is pretty well borne out by the fact that they are never admitted into society, unless their presence is required at some religious ceremony or festival. The anecdote related to Mr. Venables, by a Russian gentleman, will give a good idea of the state of degradation to which they reduce themselves. "Passing one day," says that gentleman, "near a large group of peasants, who were assembled in the middle of a village, I asked them what was going forward. 'We are only putting the father (as they called the priest) into a cellar.' 'In a cellar!' I replied; 'what are you doing that for?' 'Oh,' said they, 'he is a sad drunkard, and has been in a state of intoxication all the week; so we always take care every Saturday night to put him in a safe place, that he may be able to officiate at the church next day, and on Monday he is at liberty to begin drinking again.' I could not help applauding," says Mr. V., "this very sensible arrangement, which was related to me with all the gravity in the world." Such conduct, in the eyes of a Russian gentleman, is only a failing!—Notes of a Half-Pay in search of Health.

STRANGENESS OF DEATH.—Angels have no death to undergo: there is no such fear of unnatural violence between them and their final destiny. It is for man, and for aught that appears, it is for man alone, to watch, from the other side of the material panorama that surrounds him, the great and amazing realities with which he has everlastingly to do—it is for him, so locked in an imprisonment of clay, and with no other loop holes of communication between himself and all that surround him, than the eye and the ear—it is for him to light up in his bosom a lively and a realizing sense of the things that eye hath never seen, and ear hath never heard. It is for man, and perhaps for man alone, to travel in thought over the ruins of a mighty desolation, and beyond the wreck of that present world by which he is encompassed, to conceive that future world on which he is to expiate for ever. But, a harder achievement, perhaps, than any—it is for man, in the exercise of faith, to observe that most appalling of all contemplations, the decay and the dissolution of himself; to think of the time when his now animated frame-work, every part of which is so sensitive and dear to him, shall fall to pieces—when the vital warmth by which it is so thoroughly pervaded shall take its departure, and leave to coldness and abandonment all that is visible of this moving, and acting, and thinking creature—when those limbs, with which he now steps so firmly, and that countenance, out of which he looks so gracefully, and that tongue, with which he now speaks so eloquently; when that whole body, for the interest and provision of which he now labours so strenuously, as if indeed it were immortal—when all these shall be reduced to a mass of putrefaction, and at length crumble, with the coffin that

encloses them, into dust! Why, my brethren, to a being in the full consciousness and possession of its living energies, there is something, if I may be allowed the expression, so foreign and so unnatural in death, that we ought not to wonder if it scare away the mind from the ethereal region of existence to which it is hastening. Angels have no such transition of horror and mystery to undergo. There is no screen of darkness interposed between them and the portion of their futurity, however distant: and it appears that it is for man only to drive a bridge across that barrier which looks so impenetrable, or so to surmount the power of vision, as to carry his aspirations over the summits of all that revelation has made known to him.—Dr. Chalmers.

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS.—A very slight declivity will suffice to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile in a smooth straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at eighteen hundred miles from its mouth, only eight hundred above the level of the sea; that is, about twice as high as St. Paul's church steeple, in London; and to fall these eight hundred feet in its long course, the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for a thousand miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only five hundred feet in all that distance.—Above the commencement of the 1000 miles it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean, that in Paraguay, fifteen hundred miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way, by the force of the wind alone; that is to say, which, on the beautiful inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spire.

The most plain and natural sentiments of equity concur with divine authority, to enforce the duty of forgiveness. Let him who has never in his life done wrong, be allowed the privilege of remaining inexorable. But let such as are conscious of frailties and crimes, consider forgiveness as a debt which they owe to others.

SAVAGE AND MORTAL COMBAT.—On Wednesday last, one of the most savage combats took place, near Lewisburg, in Conway county, between two citizens of that county, that we have ever heard of—even in Arkansas, famed as she is for such brutal scenes. The parties were Dr. Nimrod Menefee and Mr. Nelson Phillips, near neighbors, and, until recently, very intimate friends. Having had a serious quarrel some days previous, and mutual threats exchanged, they came together in the woods, without any witness of the combat, except a Negro boy, who accidentally happened to be passing along the road. Phillips, it seems, discharged his pistol first, and missed his antagonist. Menefee then fired and shot Phillips in the back. The latter then drew his knife and attacked Mr. M. with it, and, at the first thrust, gave him a frightful cut in the abdomen, which let out his entrails. Menefee having no weapon except his empty pistol, and being inferior in size to Phillips, defended himself in the best way he could, by warding off the blows of his antagonist, with his pistol. The first knife used by Phillips broke off at the handle, when he drew another and renewed the combat. In this way they fought (the boy thinks) for near half an hour, sometimes on their feet and sometimes on the ground, until both became so completely exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood, that they were compelled to desist for want of strength to continue the contest. On assistance coming up, the parties were stretched on the ground, wetting in their blood, and both supposed to be mortally wounded. Dr. Menefee, we understand, was horribly cut to pieces, having no less than 31 cuts and stabs. He survived only till Saturday last, and was buried on Sunday. Mr. Phillips received only one serious wound, a pistol shot through the region of the kidneys, and no hopes are entertained of his recovery. We forbear any comments on this painful occurrence, further than the expression of our abhorrence of such scenes, and our extreme regret that it adds another to the long catalogue of brutal outrages with which the character of our State has been too long stained.—Little Rock (Ark.) Gaz.

We are indebted to the "Tattler" for the following graphic description of the late "set-to" in Washington, between two celebrated Whig amateurs of the science:—

BOUAT AT FISTICUFFS BETWEEN TWO LEARNED MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

Mr. Campbell of Tennessee, and Mr. Boardman of Conn. had a regular set-to at Washington on Wednesday morning.

The difficulty grew out of some dispute pertaining to the abolition in the House the day before. Campbell was the challenger, and the belligerents met in the Avenue, near Gadsby's.

PRELIMINARIES.

Campbell.—Mr. Boardman, you must explain away what you said in the House yesterday, or I'll be— if I don't give you a drubbing.

Boardman.—I'll explain away nothing, Mr. Campbell, and it isn't in your breeches to drub me.

Campbell.—You lie!

Boardman.—You lie!

Campbell.—You are a scoundrel, so take that!

And the "th" which he requested Mr. Boardman to take, was neither more nor less than a sound box on his left orbital.

Not relishing such familiarity, and feeling indignant for the suffering of his innocent ear, Mr. Boardman instantly squared off a la Caout, and favoured Mr. Campbell with a scientific "Bendozer" over the right eyebrow. And then the dance began.

Round first.—The combatants well up. Campbell made a feint for Boardman's smeller, but changed his mind, and took him an astonisher on the bread basket, which produced a slight concussion in the elements.

Round second.—Boardman puffing, but wary. Campbell looked wicked, and came up to the scratch like a shower of brick bats. Made a demonstration in favour of Boardman's nose. Boardman dodged it, and put in a sledge hammer blow on Campbell's wind-pipe, who staggered under it, as if it was a bottle of brandy; but immediately rallied, and closed, when there was a most interesting display of hard fibbing, not a little biting, and some scratching, and in conclusion both went down covered with laurels.

Round third.—The Tennessee game cock as fresh as a daisy—the Connecticut roarer something the worse for the wear, but as brave as Julius Caesar. Campbell attempted to put in a facer, but it was beautifully stopped by Boardman, who followed his advantage, by butting at his antagonist head foremost, and making him kiss the earth dosal-wise.

"Hurrah for the Connecticut Roarer. The Capitol to a China orange against the Tennessee game cock!" Round fourth.—This was a rouser. Both men came to the scratch true blue, but a little under the staggers. Connecticut planted a smasher on Tennessee's snuff-box, but had the favour returned by a "Yankee Sullivan" over his potatoe trap. A close, and considerable fibbing, biting and butting followed, also considerable havoc among their respective toggeries, for Boardman lost the collar of his shirt, and the right skirt of his coat, while Campbell was left minus a portion of his vest and the seat of his trowsers. And in fact things were going on gloriously at this moment, and might have terminated in converting both gentlemen into unmitigated sans culottes, but that some persons present, not having the love of pugilistic science in their souls, interposed, and put an end to about the prettiest specimen of a fight they have had at the metropolis in a month of Sundays.

Remarks.—This was a decidedly more interesting set-to than the recent one between Secor and Yankee Sullivan, inasmuch as the erudite gentlemen were better matched, and fought with more malice prepense. It is to be noted, however, that Tennessee was rather too young and active for Connecticut; but what the latter lacked in these particulars, he amply made up for in pluck, determination and corporosity.

When these learned gentlemen have another set-to, we should like to hear from them.

THE LUDICROUS.—A few years since, an aged clergyman in the western part of this county, speaking of the solemnity attached to the ministerial office, said that during the whole time of 40 or 50 years that he had officiated therein, his gravity had never but once been disturbed in the pulpit. On that occasion, he noticed a man directly before him, leaning over the railing of the gallery with something in his hand, which he soon discovered to be a huge quid of tobacco, just taken from his mouth. Directly below sat a man asleep, with his head back and his mouth wide open. The man in the gallery was intensely engaged in raising and lowering his hand, taking an exact observation, till, at last, having got it exactly right, he let fall the quid, and it went plump into the mouth of the sleeper below. The whole scene was so indescribably ludicrous, that, for the first and last time in the pulpit, an involuntary smile forced itself upon the countenance of the preacher.—Connecticut Courant.

TEMPERANCE MONEY.—There prevails throughout the whole community a great error on this point. There are funds for missions, distribution of Bibles and tracts, for the poor, the sick, to relieve, to heal, to alleviate, and we rejoice it is so. But when we ask for help to carry forward our reform—an operation expressly preventing poverty, disease, wretchedness, vice and crime, the purse strings contract, and the wallets will not open. In Maine, the Executive Committee of the State Union report that they sent circulars to every clergyman, asking to have a collection taken up to aid the society in its operations. Four hundred and fifty circulars were sent. Sixty-one responded, and remitted \$301, being about five dollars each! Now, the great error is, that the people feel under no obligations to furnish means to carry forward this cause. A due estimate of the value of the cause to the people has not yet been made, or has not produced corresponding results. A warm hearted, hard working, liberal temperance man told us, a short time since, that when he gave up the use of intoxicating drinks, he estimated the expense, and resolved to expend that amount of money every year in the purchase of books for a family library. This library now consists of more than 1200 volumes. Another man resolved to buy plate every year, and he is now amazed at the number and variety of silver cans, goblets, tea-pots, dishes, &c. This is all very well, perhaps, but we think some part of this saving should go, honestly, justly, to our cause. If we could receive a tenth of the saving, we would ask no more, and would soon pay off the poor-house mortgages, and the criminal claims. Let us have this saving, and more people will possess abundance for benevolent operations, and a less number of people will require aid, and the old adage, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," will prove most strikingly true. Who does not insure his house, his furniture, his stock in trade, and pay the premium? and who will not pay a small premium to have an assurance against the fires of intemperance—against the temptations which surround his own children—against the hazards and losses of others—against the immoralities and vices of the intemperate? Let our friends estimate the value of temperance to themselves, their families, the saving in expense of intoxicating drinks, the lessening of the public taxes for pauperism and crime, and then, when they lay aside the estimated saving and advantages, let them send us a tenth, and we will be content, and will by such aid send hope and joy to a multitude of heart-broken wives and distressed children.—WILL YOU?—Boston Temperance Jour.

The ladies' temperance society of Boston is said to have reclaimed more than two hundred intemperate females.—Ib.

"OH! LUCIFER, HOW ART THOU FALLEN!"—Brandy sold in the city of Troy, within a few weeks, at sheriff's sale, for 21 cents per gallon; usual price over a dollar.—Organ.

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.—Beginning to be enfeebled in body, and fearing I may soon be palsied in mind, and having entered on that course of intemperance from which I have no resolution to flee, I do make and publish this, my last will and testament. Having been made in the image of my Creator, capable of rational enjoyment, of imparting happiness to others, and of promoting the glory of God, I know my accountability, yet such is my fondness for sensual gratification, my utter indisposition to resist temptation, that I give myself entirely up to intemperance and its associate vices, and make the following bequests:—My property I give to dissipation, knowing it will soon fall into the hands of those who furnish me with intoxicating liquors; my reputation (already tottering on a sandy foundation) I give to destruction; to my beloved wife, who has cherished me thus far through life, I give shame, poverty, sorrow, and a broken heart; to each of my children I bequeath my example, and the inheritance of the shame of their father's character. Finally, I give my body to disease, misery, and early dissolution; and my soul, that can never die, to the disposal of Him whose mercy I have abused, whose commands I have broken, and who hath warned me, by his word, that "no drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven."

A true Copy.
GEO. DAVIS, Corporal, 70th Regt.

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