



Royal Agricultural Society. PREMIUMS FOR THE YEAR 1851.

THE "ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY" offer the following PREMIUMS to be competed for, at the times and places, and for the objects mentioned under the several heads:—

Cattle Shows.

The SHOW in Queen's County, to be held at CHARLOTTETOWN, on WEDNESDAY, the 24th day of September.

In King's County, at the HEAD OF ST. PETER'S BAY, on FRIDAY, the 26th day of September.

In Prince County, near the CHURCH at PRINCETOWN, on TUESDAY, the 30th day of September.

PREMIUMS:

Table listing premiums for various cattle breeds and types, including 'For best Entire Blood Colt, foaled in 1849' and 'best yearling Bull or Heifer, from the Ayrshire Bulls imported in 1849'.

REGULATIONS:

The Colts and Fillies to be Island bred. No imported Stock allowed to compete. No animal, having formerly obtained a first prize, will be allowed to compete.

Ploughing Matches

Will be held in Queen's County, on Thursday, the 9th October; and in King's County and in Prince County, on the same day and at the same place as the Cattle Shows, when the following PREMIUMS will be awarded:—

Table listing premiums for ploughing matches: First Prize £3 0 0, Second do. 2 0 0, Third do. 1 0 0, Fourth do. 0 10 0.

Fields of Grain and Turnips.

Table listing premiums for fields of grain and turnips, including 'For the best 2 acres of Wheat' and 'best 1/2 acre of Swede Turnips'.

The Turnips to be inspected during the last week in October, for which purpose one Inspector will be appointed for each County, by the Committee in Charlottetown, to act in conjunction with two appointed by each Branch.

Industrial Exhibition.

An Exhibition of domestic manufactures and agricultural productions, will be held in Charlottetown, on WEDNESDAY, the 5th of November, when Premiums for the undermentioned articles will be distributed, viz:—

Table listing premiums for industrial exhibition items, including 'For best 10 yards Grey Homespun' and '10 do. dyed and dressed'.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

Table listing premiums for agricultural products, including 'For best Tub of Butter, not less than 30lb. weight' and 'Do. Cheese, do. 20lb. weight'.

Manure Heaps.

The Committee being desirous to see introduced among Farmers, a better system of saving and collecting Manures, and particularly as regards the preservation of the liquid manure, offer the following Premiums to be competed for, separately in each of the three Counties, namely—

Table listing premiums for manure heaps: First Prize £5 0 0, Second do. 3 0 0, Third do. 2 0 0.

In awarding the Premiums, great consideration will be given by the Judges to the cheapness of the contrivances adopted, as also to the means in use for a daily cleaning out of the Stables, &c., and the loading of the vehicles when hauling out the Manure to the field, so as to ensure economy of labor as well as manure—for information on which subject, the Committee beg to refer intending competitors to a small pamphlet, entitled "Hints to Farmers," by Judge Peters.

By Order, GEORGE BEER, Secretary.

Miscellaneous.

THE DESIGN OF OUR LIFE.

The design of our life!—alas that it should be so little thought of! The very words seem to awaken a new idea, to open up a new vista, to surprise us in a manner by their unfamiliarity, contrasted with their manifest nearness to our interests, duty and destiny.

What is our life? says an inspired writer: "It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." And yet this vapour-life has for its trophies all that is great and imposing in the world—temples, and cities, and palaces, and kingdoms—all that is useful in science, all that is profound in philosophy, all that is great and beautiful in art; and all these have been fostered under its wing, and are the footprints which it has left on the sands of time.

Not less alien from the truth, and not less suggestive of the psalmist's question, are the doctrines of chance on the one hand, and the dreams of pantheism, ancient and modern, on the other. By the first, we are taught that man is the plaything of circumstances, tossed for a little hither and thither, now in sunshine, now in shade, on the current of events lawless as himself, and passing away we know not whither, even as he came we know not whence; while, by the second, we are compensated for the loss of individual importance, responsibility and will, by the fantastic assumption of one Great Spirit underlying the universe, projecting into the region of the actual, the members of our race, who are again to be absorbed into the parent essence in process of time.

It seems abundantly plain, that, if we are to understand the importance of man and the design of his life, we must discard from our view all such gossamer theories as these, and take our stand on some central watch-tower of truth, so strong, that the surgings of error cannot disturb it; and so lifted up, that the whole field of inquiry is discernible from it; and whither shall we turn for such a watchtower of truth, but to the revelation of God in his Word? Thither David, when perplexed, was accustomed to resort.

Now, looking on man from this "coigne of advantage," we can perceive a threefold purpose and aim of his life. First, we can perceive that he has much to do with regard to himself. There is guilt on his conscience, dimness in his eye, and weakness, rather wickedness at his heart. He discovers the ruins of a fair creation, but nothing more, "the gold is become dim," the temple is dismantled, and strange visitants within it, now haunt its shrine; the mark is upon him, and his conscience might speak out somewhat in the manner of Cain—"It shall come to pass, that whosoever the dooms-man of justice shall find me, he shall kill me."

But this is no more than the beginning of the work. He has his foot upon the rock now, which alone can be trusted. He is now within the scope of the great central attraction, and in contact with all that is destructive of evil, and most influential for good.—Clinging to that, he must reach forward and upward, strengthening his heart in all holy affections, opening his mind to the fulness of truth, guarding his passions with a stern and uncompromising denial, and building himself up into the likeness of Him whose temple he is.

This must be the first great aim of our life—individual emancipation from the guilt and the tyranny of evil. Nothing can be a substitute for this: it is the necessary condition of all other great and generous aims. We should be found but silly builders without it, for, says an apostle "Let every man prove his own work, and so shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another."

Looking at man, then, in his isolated aspect we say, that one great design of his life is to wrestle, and rise, to be moving heavenwards ever—converting all things around him into the means of his advancement, even his very passions and enemies into the pedestal of his fame and the ladder of his glory.

design of his life. He was formed to love, and there is no religion without it. There is more than a beautiful sentiment in these words of the poet:

"He prayeth best who loveth best, All things both great and small, For the dear God that loveth us, He made and loveth all."

If our blessed Redeemer had done no more for the world than to bequeath to his lessons of love, he would have been its greatest benefactor still. There is no such enemy to its progress as selfishness, and there is no demon so hard to exorcise; it forges the manacles for the slave, it mingles the cup for the drunkard, it casts up its gains amidst the ruins it has made, and while a brother is bleeding, and nigh unto death, it stalks nimbly past on the other side.

But we must not forget that love is a practical thing. Its proper language is not words, but deeds; it has means for the prosperous, indeed, and pity for the fallen; but it has also food for the hungry, raiment for the naked and refuge for the homeless and the outcast. "It knows how to have compassion on the ignorant, and them that are out of the way." Its celestial footprints may be traced, not perhaps to the house of feasting and wassail, but to the dusky dwelling of the mourner, to the edge of the sepulchre where the tear drop glistens in its eye, to the cell of the culprit, where the words of wisdom fall from its lips, and to the uttermost limits of the earth, where it makes the glad tidings of salvation to ring. Like a pharos-light, it guides the whole horizon of wo, and the heart beats lighter in its presence, and the eye looks less sorrowful at its approach.

Let us see then that we include this in the design of our life, that we learn to love, not in word only, but indeed and in truth, that we look forth with affection on the great brotherhood of man, and aim at their uplifting, together with our own, to heaven and to truth. "This will be living indeed—living anticipatory of heaven—living assimilative to God; "for God is love; and he that loveth dwelleth in God, and God in him."

There is one other point on which it is necessary to touch, and it is all important; it is the zone of the others, it holds them together. Without it, man would be as a world without a firmament, or as a firmament without a star. He is formed to wrestle and to love, but he is also formed to worship. The moon passes round the earth, but both earth and moon pass round the sun; so brother here must minister to brother, but all minister to God. Nor can they be sustained in their relations to each other, than as they adhere to their orbits in relation to him.

Worship, then, not in its cold and formal, but in its deep and spiritual meaning, is the great and paramount law of the universe. It is the symphony of the stars—the united voice of faith and love and gratitude and wonder, in the presence of the Eternal; it is the all-embracing and all-sustaining mystery of our being—its god and its glory; it is wings to the mortal creature in his contemplation of the Infinite; it is the upward attraction which loosens the cords of sense, and makes the earth as a spring board to the young spirit, in its bound towards the ideal and the shadowless; it is written far down in the depths of our nature, and we have been aiming at it ever—alas, how blindly!—till at length the true light shone, and the true notes were sounded over the heights of Bethlehem.—Even as it is, we are but feeble and faltering scholars; our eye is still dim, and our heart is still weak; we are "proselytes at the gate"—worshippers, if at all, of the outermost circle. But we are here to learn, and our instructors are many—the heavens and the earth in all their sublime and beautiful forms—the sun, and the stars and the flowers, and the trees, and the waving corn—the voices of the good and the gifted, now singing at the fountain, but whose echoes linger among us still—the voice of the Word, "which shall not pass away," made vital in him who labored on the highways, and who died upon the cross—the visions it depicts, the hopes it inspires, the prospects it unfolds—and, over and above all, the far echoing music of heaven itself.

"That undisturbed song of pure concert, Aye sung before the sapphiric-colour'd throne To Him that sits therein."

We are here to learn, and these are our teachers. Let us listen to their voices—let us answer to their beckonings, let us catch up the melody, of their song, and

"Keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long, To His celestial concert us unite, To live with him and sing in endless morn of light."

FRENCH FARE IN IRELAND.

A Monsieur travelling in Ireland, put up at a house of entertainment in the country, and as the time for dining approached, mine host ventured to ask his guest:

"May I make bold to ask yer honor, what is it you'd be wanting for your dinner?"

The Frenchman's appetite prompted his natural aptness, and he therefore, guessed the purport of Pat's query.

"Any peageons?"

"Oh, plenty of them."

"Very well, mon ami, get me some for my dinner?"

"To be sure I will yer honor, and welcome"

Away went the host to obey the foreign orders, without a remark louder than he thought in his own mind of 'blood and ouns and that's quare taste sure enough.' Up came the dinner, and down it went into the secret caverns of French digestion. Next morning Paddy appeared before his boarder with—

"What will yer honor have for dinner to-day?"

"Ah, my friend, your peageon yer goot, yer goot indeed; I shall have more peageon, to-day?"

"Oh, thin, to be sure you shall, your honor—an welcome—more and more if you like them."

On went the week, and each day was the untiring taste of the epicurian tourist supplied with 'more peageon.' Saturday came, and with it came the host.

"Oh, then, what will your honor have for yer dinner to-morrow, it is Sunday you know?"

"Peageon yer fine!" cried the Frenchman, smacking his lips, "you got any more peageon?"

"Troth, and the devil another pushen is left in the whole parish, barrin that your honor would wish to ate the old tom cat himself."

"Cat—Thomas Cat—eh? I said peageon, my friend."

"Sure ye did—and the devil a thing else have I given you but pushen."

"Peageon that fly, I mean."

"Well, our pusheens will fly at ye, too, if ye tread on their tail."

"But," replied the trembling Frenchman, "you did say something about one cat?"

"One cat! Why, by the head of Saint Dennis, 'tis not one, but six cats your honor has ate."

"Eat six cats? I yelled the petrifid tourist. 'What, me eat six cats! I asked for peageon.'

"Well, pusheen is what we call little kittens—wee cats."

"I did mean peageon with wing and fadders!"

A light here gleamed upon Paddy's knowledge box. "Oh, by my soul and conscience I believe 'twas pigeons yer honor wanted."

"Qui, yes—to be sure my friend."

"Ah, then why the devil don't you French people learn to talk plain. Sure you do eat such quare things as frogs, snails, and rats; bad luck to me if I saw anything strange in your calling for little cats."

"Divil a doubt of it."

The grimace which followed the certainty of this fact, may be more easily imagined than described. The Frenchman quickly packed up, and as quickly made away from a country that knew no difference between cats and pigeons. We do not know whether he ever published his Thoughts upon Irish Miseries, if so, they were never translated.

AGRICULTURE.

(From the New York Tribune.)

SCIENTIFIC FARMING.

A VISIT TO THE FARM OF JUDGE MEACH.

That Vermont is one of the best agricultural States of the New England group, there can be no question. Her valleys are rich, and her mountains are covered with good soil, quite to their summits. The town of Shelburne, in which I am writing, is territorially small, but the soil is well husbanded and productive, and the inhabitants industrious and independent. Here Judge Meach resides, on his splendid farm, which stretches along the shore of Lake Champlain, and contains 2,300 acres in one body. This farm is admirably located, and presents some beautiful points aside from the richness of the soil and the great amount of agricultural wealth which now covers it. The mansion house where the Judge and his wife reside, is situated but a few rods from the shore of the lake, and stands in the centre of about five acres, which are enclosed by some two or three rows of tall, handsome cedars. Here is a spot worthy to be described. You enter the gate and find yourself upon a wide and beautifully-gravelled walk, overshadowed by large forest trees of many kinds. You travel along a few rods and then cross a crystal brook, that runs into a fish-pond below, where you might have seen sporting themselves some score or two of large speckled trout, well fed and fat, if some infernal scamps had not caught them out a few weeks ago, when darkness covered their evil deeds. The rascals who perpetrated that theft, would steal the butter from a Negro slave's hoe cake, and rob the dead of the pennies that cover their eyes, even if the dead were their own mothers. You will ask what small house is that which stands upon the margin of the brook, with an arch of woodbine in front, and roses about its entrance? The answer will be: "The house where the pans of milk are set for the cream to rise, and where the yellow, sweet butter is made." You pass under this beautiful arch of woodbine and enter the neat little house, and there you see, well arranged upon clean shelves, the pans of milk covered with delicious cream, which would certainly make your mouth water, if you had seen the beds of rich strawberries which are in the garden beyond.

You come out from this retreat, and wide-gravelled walks branch out before you in various directions. You now stand in front of the house, overshadowed by forest trees, surrounded by various kinds of flowers, and your ears filled with the sweet music of a thousand birds. Every object that meets your view, except the gravelled walks and the mansion house, seems to be the work of Nature. Yet all the trees of this little forest were set out by the tasteful proprietor forty years ago. They are so arranged, that you don't once imagine that they grow as Nature planted them, and you almost cheated into the belief, that you have been set down in some forest in a tropical climate. Now, the Judge, in his old straw hat, may be seen, perchance, stalking, like a giant, among the trees of his own planting, or sitting under the piazza, taking a pinch of snuff. At first you will be sure that he is some "fine old English gentleman," enjoying his country seat in the summer months. But half an hour's conversation will show you that you are in the presence of a Vermont farmer, who began life by carrying a basket of wheat on his back ten miles through the woods to mill, and trapping furs. Now his wife appears, and you will see one of the handsomest women, both in face and form, of her age, you have had the pleasure of meeting in this or any other country. "Can these be farmers?" you will ask yourself. Indeed, they are, and Vermont farmers, too. But my object is to speak of things, and not of persons. You pass through a neat, airy, well-furnished house, and now one of the most beautifully arranged flower-garden open to your view you have ever seen. It will seem as if Flora had spread out all her treasures here. Every variety of flower is before you, and the air is all perfume. You pass on, and gooseberries and strawberries, almost as large as hens' eggs, invite you to pick. You are now in the midst of every thing that can please the palate and regale the eye, and you will say: "This is one of the most beautiful gardens I have ever seen." And bear in mind that this is the garden of a Vermont farmer.

But I must get you out of this enchanting spot, and let you see the rich fields and the green pastures. I have said this farm contains 2,300 acres, but this is not all his farm. The Judge owns another small patch, as he may call it, a short distance from the home farm, but not joining it, that contains 1,300 acres of most excellent land. But I will not weary you by asking you to travel over this Vermont farm, which contains 3,600 acres of land, all fertile and under good improvement. Judge Meach owns just such a farm as this, and keeps 4,000 sheep and a great many cattle and horses on a great many hills. Some years he cuts a thousand tons of hay, and raises a great amount of produce. How many human beings such a farm will feed and clothe! This is unquestionably the largest farm in New England, and I very much question whether there is one in the Union that produces more. There may be some farms in Virginia or other States that embrace more acres, but I don't believe, there is one that is really worth so much money. Some Virginia landlord may own more territory, and have half as many slaves as Judge Meach has of sheep, but the profits may be small when compared with the products of this Vermont farm.

I have endeavored to give a plain unvarnished account of this farm, but I am quite sure the description falls far short of the reality. I have visited a good many farms in this State and in the Great West, but I have never seen one that is equal to Judge Meach's, taking every thing into account. Who would not be a farmer, if he could be such a farmer? After all, a farmer's life is the most happy one. And it is not strange, that so many hale and hearty young men will congregate in our cities, when such a variety of soil and climate as our country affords is within their reach? We must have merchants, it is true, and they are a useful class of the community; but then their lives are full of perplexities, and often of great adversities. Seedtime and harvest are promised to all, but we have no warrant against the convulsions in the mercantile world. Besides, it is easier to be honest on a farm than in a trading-house. The farm has no inducements to be otherwise than honest, while the trader is all his life-time subject to temptation, if not to absolute bondage.

AGRICULTURAL.—Will our Farmers carefully read and consider the matter which the following paragraph contains? It is copied from the Carleton Sentinel:—

"We are surprised that so little Winter Wheat is sown by our Farmers, when it is known, that it is a much surer crop than the Summer Wheat, and will make whiter flour and better bread. We have now before us a few heads of Winter Wheat, taken from a field owned by Mr. George Ball: they are very full and heavy, and ripe enough to cut, without the least appearance of smut or weevil, while a field of Summer Wheat adjoining, is nearly destroyed by the weevil. It will be seen by the following, from the Portland Transcript, that the American farmers are turning their attention to the raising of this grain:—

"The Piscataquis Observer says, the Farmers in that County are turning their attention to the sowing of Winter Wheat, and that the experiment works well. We recently saw fields of vigorous looking winter grain on the Kennebec, and were glad to see them. Let us, as Mrs. M'Curly says, 'bread ourselves.'"

The turnip in Russia is eaten as fruit by all classes. In the houses of the nobles sliced turnip with brandy is offered to the guests.

Table titled 'THE IRISH.—A late American paper furnishes the following enumeration of the Irish throughout the world:—' listing counts for Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales, France and Belgium, British North America, Australia, United States, and South America, with a total of 12,100,000.