The Colonial Herald.

POETRY.

[For the Colonial Herald.]

TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Sequester'd "Island of the West,"
With fertile soil and beauty blest,
Repose and peace to thee have flown,
And claim thy valleys for their own.
Protected from wild Ocean's roar,
Behind Cape Breton's bolder shore,
Thy verdant lawns are seen to rise,
Beneath thy clear and brilliant skies,
And every thing speaks calm and rest,
Upon thy gently swelling breast:
Permit a wanderer of the sea
To stay his weary steps on thee;
In distant climes, on distant seas,
He oft has felt the tropic breeze;
He oft on India's coast has sailed,
And there the spicy breeze inhaled,
Where ev'ry op'ning, sunny glade,
In Eden's beauty seem'd array'd;
But there the dreaded Tiger roams,
And hooded Snake with venom foams,
While alligators seek their prey,
Or on the jungle's margin play.
So, not for me is tropic shore—
I'll venture on its beach no more,
But fix my lot on thee sweet Isle,
Where nature always seems to smile:
Whether in garb of Autumn green
Thy pastures and thy woods are seen,
Or mantled o'er with purest white,
Still calm and pleasing is the sight.
The features of a land impart
Kindred influence to the heart,
(Grecia, a Land the loveliest known,
Had mind and beauty all her own,)
Thy sons and daughters thus we find
In manners gentle, calm, and kind:
Then, lovely "Island of the West,"
Admit a wanderer to thy breast.

PALINURUS.

(*From Ainsworth's Magazine.*)

THE CONTRAST.

SUGGESTED BY THE TWO HEADS ON THE COVER OF "AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE."

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Cradled 'mid scenes of violence and blood,
So grew thy spirit masculine and brave,
Elizabeth! And stern misfortune gave
To thee the serpent's wisdom—strong and shrewd,—
With virtues fitted for thy time endued;
Thine is the praise which ablest rulers have,
Nor yet hath time effaced it from thy grave!
Yet history is just, and truth is rude,—
And these lay bare to our reluctant gaze
Thy meanest failings--thy most wayward mood,—
Poor vanity, with no redeeming grace,
And cold, false cruelty--all are review'd,
Until at last we blush for her we praise,
The glory and reproach of womanhood!

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The day-star of our hopes, how didst thou rise,
Lovely and pure, above the troubled scene
Of clamorous faction! Still thou wert serene,
Or only moved by suffering's feeble cries.—
Not always are the sternest the most wise,
The firmest heart dwells with the gentlest mien;
And hence wrought into thy young life have been
Those royal virtues we most fondly prize.
Thus hast thou well deserved that happy crown,
Which hath life's fairest flowers wreathed in between
Its sparkling gems! Long may they bloom thy own,
And no harsh blast of sorrow, unforeseen,
Wither her joys, whom, first on England's throne,
We praise both as the woman and the queen!

M. W. Y.

SUICIDE OF THE EARL OF MUNSTER.

George Fitzclarence, Earl of Munster, Viscount Fitzclarence, and Baron of Tewksbury, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, was the eldest son of the late King William IV., by Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated actress. He was born 29th January, 1794, and married, 18th October, 1819, Mary Wyndham, daughter of the Earl of Egremont, and leaves issue by her ladyship, two daughters and four sons. The earl was a privy councillor, having been appointed on his creation in 1831; governor and captain, also constable and lieutenant of Windsor Castle; colonel of the 1st Tower Hamlets militia, and a commissioner of the Royal Military College and Royal Military Asylum, and knight grand cross of the order of Ferdinand of Wirtemburg. His lordship was deeply versed in the Sanscrit and other eastern languages, and his acquirements in that path of literature may be judged, for he held the honourable office of Vice President of the Asiatic Society for 18 years, when in May last he was unanimously elected President. He was a fellow of the Royal Society.

The earl was a major-general in the army, in which branch of the service he entered at the early age of 13 years. When ensign, he served with Sir David Baird's corps in the campaign of 1808 in Spain, and was severely wounded at Toulouse. In 1815, he went with his regiment to India, where he first evinced a taste for the oriental languages, of which he was justly considered very proficient. During his residence in India he was aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Hastings, the governor general, and returned to this country in 1818. The noble earl was recently appointed, after the brevet, to a command in Devonshire, and was in the course of the ensuing month going to assume his post, having taken a mansion in the neighbourhood of Plymouth.

The subjoined is an abridgment of the evidence at the Inquest held on Monday evening, March 22d:

Robert Snooks, footman in the family, deposed that on Sunday night, shortly after 11, he distinctly heard what he thought to be a discharge of a pistol. The library bell rang violently immediately afterwards, and his lordship came out of that apartment, calling "Miller! Miller!" Went down stairs, where he met his lordship, who said, "I have had an accident; I am shot in the hand. Go for Mr. Hamilton." His lordship requested witness to show him a light, the deceased having come down stairs in the dark. Witness followed his lordship up stairs with a candle, which he placed at the end of the table in the library, and the deceased again requested him to go immediately for Mr. Hamilton. His lordship was in his dressing-gown. Saw his hand was bloody, but could not see whether it was shattered. He (witness) immediately alarmed Mr. Miller, and said his lordship had shot himself, and while informing that person, he heard another discharge of a pistol, and exclaimed, "his lordship has shot himself again." Mr. Miller, himself, and the under-butler, ran up stairs, and on entering the library, found his lordship lying on the floor on his side, with his face shattered, and blood on his right hand, and apparently dead. Witness went immediately for Mr. Hamilton, who returned with him. Did not know that his lordship kept pistols in the library. His lordship had appeared unwell, and in low spirits.

Dr. Chambers said, he was sent for by Lady Munster on Sunday afternoon, and saw the deceased for the first time, about 9 o'clock. He found his lordship sitting in the library, with Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Mr. Hamilton, and Lady Munster. He was informed his lordship had been in a depressed state throughout the day, and he found the deceased was both bodily and mentally very low. On conversing on the symptoms generally, he received rational answers, but his lordship spoke rather hastily, and his general manner was hurried. After having examined him sufficiently, he (Dr. Chambers) requested Mr. Hamilton, his lordship's ordinary medical attendant, and who had seen him several days previously, to retire with him into the next room, that they might confer together on the case. As soon as they were alone in the room, they simultaneously exclaimed that his lordship was surely going mad. He (Dr. C.) then wrote a prescription for a quieting medicine and some draughts, and then came to the consideration of the question how his lordship should be treated as to the restraint which could be put upon him, as his lordship had not committed any obvious overt act of insanity. It was clear to them, under such circumstances, that it would not be expedient to treat him as an insane person, although they thought it right to communicate their fears as to the state of the deceased's mind to his family. On returning to his lordship after the consultation, he (witness) took occasion, before parting with his lordship, to say that he trusted his lordship would take his medicine and go at once to bed to compose himself until he (Dr. C.) saw him next day. In answer to that advice, he was surprised at his lordship answering rather sharply, "I shall not go to bed until my usual time." Witness asked what time that was? His lordship said, "About 11 o'clock," and he (Dr. C.) assented, and left the room with Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Colonel Fox, who had then arrived, and Lady Munster. There was nothing unsound in his lordship's remarks, but his manner was hurried and abrupt, and there was a moodiness which was unusual, for on attending his lordship on previous occasions, his lordship had always conducted himself courteously.

George Miller, (butler,) stated that the last time he saw his lordship alive was about ten minutes past 11 on Sunday night. His lordship desired him, as usual, to put the lamps out, as he did not want witness any more. His lordship took his chamber candle when witness left the library, and went to bed. It was not more than ten minutes after, when Robert Snooks called from the bottom of the stairs, "Come down directly, for his lordship has shot himself." He ran direct to the library, and found his lordship lying on his side. His lordship gave four or five groans, when witness raised his lordship's head and placed a pillow beneath it. He saw the large pistol, a duelling pistol, which his lordship used to commit the act, about two feet from him. Witness sent immediately for the doctor, as the nearest at hand. The pistols belonged to his lordship, and were usually kept in the pantry, and not ordinarily in the library, but his lordship sent his clerk for them in order to have them cleaned, and they had been in the library about three weeks.

Mr. Thomas Hamilton, surgeon, of Piccadilly, deposed, that he immediately attended, and found the deceased quite dead. On examining his wounds, he perceived the roof of the mouth was severely shattered, and the head extensively fractured from the effect of the ball. There was a wound in the right hand, in which a bullet was lodged, and he imagined the unfortunate act was done by the left hand. Witness had not seen his lordship for ten days previous to this unfortunate occurrence. When he first saw him, his lordship was taken with symptoms of gout, and complained that he had some important business in hand, and appeared much depressed at the thought of not being able to follow his usual occupations. His lordship spoke to witness on several occasions respecting the disastrous news from India, and seemed very much agitated. The deceased appeared deeply interested in the fate of the ladies reported to be captured at Cabool, and it was on his lordship alluding to that circumstance to him that he (witness) first perceived a hasty and agitated manner about his lordship, who was much excited.

After a brief consultation, it was not deemed necessary to call any other witnesses, and the jury unanimously gave their verdict "That his lordship died by his own hand while in a state of temporary mental derangement."

THE VAGRANTS' LODGING-HOUSE.

The landlord was a big, strapping fellow, who had passed some of his earlier days in a metropolitan prison for sundry acts of petty knavery, but who had repented of his unprofitable career, and had succeeded on the death of his father and mother to the rights and privileges, property, good-will, furniture, and all the rest, of the King's Head—the vagrants' lodging-house. He must have been not less than six feet high, with strong sinewy arms, and looked one vast mass of muscle and vigour. His head was round, red, and heavy. His upper lip was scowling, and his physiognomy severe. No one would think of attacking him single-handed; and he would be a match in physical strength for two or three of the stoutest and bravest of his customers. His wife was made in a very different mould. She had once been handsome; but coarse language, coarse associations, coarse lodgers, a coarse husband, a coarse mode of life, and a habit of "driving dull care away," by the jug and the bottle, had converted her into a fallen beauty, and a mere shadow of her former self. Two squalling, screeching, savage, disobedient, untractable children, were the fruit of her marriage with our host; and the King's Head was known all round as being the most musical, but least harmonious family in the neighbourhood. When the landlord had seen the two-penny beer placed before me, he turned to a thick-set, wild, savage-looking man, who had a small bull-dog at his feet, and who travelled with another man, much like himself, and with their canine companion. The wild, savage-looking man had jet black hair, an old brown leathern belt, and a little sack thrown across his shoulder, clothes which hung upon him but lightly, and covered his body but ill, and a hat which both the winds and the rains of heaven had visited most roughly. He was a "prig." He belonged to the class of vagrants who are most exceedingly clever at drawing a purse, watch, or pocket-book, from persons in crowded places. Races, fairs, and prize-fights, are their most favourite resorts. His companion was so much like him that they must have been brothers. As he was talkative, however, his brother was taciturn; and Bob Davis (for such was the elder brother's name) gave all the orders, and superintended all the arrangements. The eldest might have been twenty-five, the youngest four years less. "In or out, gentlemen?" asked the landlord, as he eyed his suspicious inmates. "Why in, to be sure," replied Bob Davis, "and no mistake." "One shilling the whole bed," said the landlord, in a voice of thunder. "No. 7, first-floor, bed to the right, only two beds in the room." "Two half beds will suit us better," replied Bob; "we don't sleep together; never mind separation." "There's no choosing here," said the landlord. "If that don't suit you, you can accommodate yourselves elsewhere—or—out, if you prefer it!" The two brothers looked mortified, but merely replied, "That they'd take some supper." The landlord was somewhat moved by these dulcet tones, and asked them, "If they'd prefer the front room to the one they were in?" Now the front room was a sort of reserve—not for good company, since good company never went of late years to the King's Head—but for flash company, for private interviews, for secret confabulations, and for those customers who, from their superior prowess or talent, gained most money from the public, and therefore spent most at the public-house. The front room was much smaller than the back, but it was better lighted, and the hostess served her guests. "Much company in the front room?" asked Bob. "Not to-night," replied the landlord. "Four merchants, a fire-lurk, and two foreigners—all old stagers." "Then we'll take supper here," replied Bob. "Bacon and eggs, bread and murphies, and no mistake!" "There *shall* be none!" said the landlord. "One shilling and fourpence, if *you* please!" "And three pints of beer," added Bob. "Sixpence more!" said the host; and one shilling and tenpence were paid down long before the supper made its appearance. But when it did so, it was most inviting; and I shall never forget the sigh of a poor woman who was travelling towards Liverpool with four children to gain her native parish, and who begged their way with singing psalms, when she saw the rich supper spread before her more fortunate neighbours. Multiplied misfortunes had driven her from comparative comfort to widowhood and beggary; and whilst these two pickpockets were fattening on good cheer, and had decided for a bed, she and her fatherless children had to crouch into the stables and sleep in the straw, after having made an insufficient and wretched meal of stale crusts and water from the pump. The dear hungry children looked with sleepy or with streaming eyes on the rich repast of these unprincipled "prigs;" and I was almost unable to resist the temptation of throwing off my disguise, and ordering the landlord to supply them with a hearty meal. "Why what's this they say of *you*?" inquired the landlord of a little man of about fifty years of age, whose companion was a child between twelve and thirteen, and a young man of nearly five-and-twenty. "I don't know what they say, nor yet care," answered the old man, who travelled with umbrella-sticks and whalebones; and professed "to mend people's umbrellas at their own doors and within sight of them. "Shall I tell you, then?" asked the landlord. "Just as you like," answered the umbrella-mender. "Why, they say you've got a large fortune left you." "That *may* be too," answered the little man. "Yes, that may be too," echoed his male companion. "I think," added the landlord, "your name is George Miller?" "The same," replied the little man. "Well, then, if you're the George Miller who lived in Wellclose-square—" "To be sure he is," interrupted the companion aforesaid. "No interruption," said the umberella maker, "though I *am* he." "Then," said the landlord, "you are heir to an estate of ten thousand a-year!" "It may be so," said the umbrella maker, "but what then?" "Why then you're a very lucky fellow," said the landlord. "And you—you're the landlord of the King's Head—and that's all!" "More civility and less coarseness," said the landlord. "Less blarney and more information," retorted the umbrella-mender. And then the whole room, landlord included, burst into a loud peal of laughter. The landlord produced the newspaper, in which an advertisement had often appeared, addressed to the heir of James Miller, deceased, and which contained so accurate a description of the person of George, that if living he could not be mistaken. And now, right down living he was, and there sat the heir himself. "Gin and water and pipes for all the party," said the umbrella-maker,—"do you hear that, landlord?" The landlord looked astonished, but counted his guests. "Thirteen glasses at threepence, makes three shillings and threepence, *Squire* Miller," said the landlord; and the old umbrella-maker placed the money on the table. I now ventured to speak. "There's a poor widow and her four children in the outhouse, who have had dry crusts and water," I observed. "And an old woman with the rheumatism, who has no crusts at all," added the landlord. "Three glasses for the outs," said the little umbrella man: "and bread for the old granny." "One shilling more," said the landlord of the King's Head; and, in about ten minutes' time, the gin and water, both in and out, and the bread to the stable, were in circulation: but as it is with wine, so it is with spirits; when the gin and water began to take effect, the scene became much more uproarious. The young "swell" took to kissing the granddaughter. The grandfather fell a beating his grandchild. The two brothers vaunted of their "success" at some neighbouring races, which success they pretended was in betting, but which most of their companions knew to mean pickpocketing. And various scenes of a grave or comic character riveted my attention, but still did not unloose my tongue. A man in a smockfrock, with the air of a hawker about him, and who did nothing the whole evening but smoke pipes and mutter to himself over two pints of threehalfpenny, had his tongue set in motion by the mixture of gin and water with his beer, on, no doubt, a somewhat empty stomach. He had a sadly ferocious look, and was evidently not at ease, either in his reflections or recollections. "Well, and what if I did?" asked this fellow, not of any one in particular, but of all,—"I say, what if I did?—Whose affair's that?—Wasn't she mine?—Yes, she was! Well, who says the contrary?—There she is!" and then he made a dash forward with his brawny arm across the table, as thought to catch at something. "She's gone—she's gone," he continued. "I didn't do it, sir,—no, I didn't indeed.—But what if I did?—Didn't I love her? To be sure I did.—There she is again!" and this time he sprang over the table and began to rave most awfully. "He's mad," said the little umbrella maker. "He's drunk," exclaimed the granddaughter and her intriguer. The landlord put out his giant strength and seized him by his arm. The next moment he had left the room. I learned afterwards that he was suspected of having committed a crime of fearful magnitude, but I was unable to follow his history. This scene broke up the party. The landlord poked out the fire. This was the signal for separation. The three twelve-sized candles were reduced to two. "Beds, if you please," said the landlord; and the girl just lighted our steps to the bottom of the stairs. "Is Blind Tom in bed?" I asked her, as she slunk off to her lair. "Hours ago, was the only answer: and when I reached the room No. 7, I found the landlord had lied a little, and that three beds instead of two were placed in the room. The granddaughter was undressing. The grandfather was already in bed. They occupied the farthest of the beds from the door. Blind Tom was fast asleep. The bed next the door was the best, but the two "prigs" were to be its possessors. They shut the door. The moon shone brightly in at the only window which lighted our chamber. I never hailed that light with more joy and gratitude. "Thou art the same moon," I said, "that gildest the palace dome, the long-aisled cathedral, the verdant woods, the cheerful plains, the rich man's castle and the poor man's cottage, the prisoner's cell, the captive's dungeon, and now the wrecked chamber of a vagrant's lodging-house! Deign, pale Fingara, to shed thy trembling light on this abode of misery and of vice!" I threw myself on the bed by the side of Blind Tom. Of course, I retained my clothes, kept my bludgeon-stick in my hands, and resolved that Morpheus should pay no insidious visits to my wakeful eyes. The granddaughter observed me for some time with her pretty but most wicked eyes, and evidently was dissatisfied with my mode of acting. "Why don't you go to bed, and not lie outside with your clothes?" asked the fair but wicked maiden. "It's my habit," I answered; "especially when I start early." This did not content her; out sleep put an end to her suspicions, and I alone resisted the importunities of Morpheus. As long as the moon continued to shine I felt neither uneasiness nor unhappiness, but at three all was darkness; and a little after that hour I heard a great tumilt in the adjoining chamber. Oaths became plentiful; accusations the most horrid were proffered; and blows, howlings, and groans, were rendered yet more terrific by a rush to the staircase. "Down with him! Down with him?" was the cry; and a fearful fall shortly afterwards apprised me that "the swell," imagining he knew the bedroom in which the granddaughter had slept, had stealthily obtruded into the territory of a less accommodating companion. He discovered too late his error, and was not likely soon to forget his "indiscreation." He crawled away before the morning's light had dawned upon the King's Head, and changed his route, but doubtless, not his manners. Once more the King's Head was tranquil; but about half-past four, as near as possible, I heard some whispering in the bed next the door. The prigs were awake, and were planning their operations. "I saw yellow among his browns," whispered one, who thought me fast asleep; and soon afterwards he groped about the room very lightly, slowly, and cautiously. The old grandfather's bed was first visited. I did not stir. The prig rifled the pockets so cleverly, that I could not hear the chinking. It was my turn next. Long did he grope about the bed, and an old chair and chest of drawers; and then ventured, by placing his hand on the bed, to ascertain whether I was there or had decamped. I affected to start. "Who's that?" I enquired, with the voice of a tiger. He made no reply, but crept softly towards the bed. "Who's that?" I again sternly demanded; and seizing my bludgeon-stick, rushed towards the door. The brother, who had remained in bed, now rose, and said, that "doubtless it was his brother, who was given sometimes to walking in his sleep, but who meant no harm to any one." That's false," I exclaimed; and the mildness of the tone betrayed me. "And you're no traveller," replied the prig. "I thought not," said the granddaughter, "he would not pull of his clothes." "They've robbed you," I answered; "and I have caught them in the act." I gained the door, called to the landlord at the top of my voice, and in two minutes he arrived with a lantern. The scene was at once humorous and extraordinary. Blind Tom mistaking the door, had taken the direction of the granddaughter's bolster. The granddaughter stood unblushingly in her lowest garment before the assembled party. The old grandfather looked horror-struck. The two prigs danced about and swore to their innocence; but the landlord saw the trick, found the browns and silver taken from the old man's pocket deposited in the bed next the door, and did not leave the room till restitution was made; whilst the granddaughter leisurely drew on her stockings and her toggery, and then the landlord conducted the prigs to the door of the house, and told them they could not be too expeditious in their march. When the granddaughter discovered that I had been a faithful sentinel over hers and her grandfather's fortunes, she did the amiable, recounting some of her adventures, and hoped I was going her road in the morning. That morning at length arrived. It was a long while coming. But where, at seven o'clock, were the guests of the previous night? Few had remained behind. Even the stables were cleared. A little weak tea, into which some coarse brown sugar, and a few drops of milk were deposited, was made and partaken of in the large room by those who had not left, but their visages were sad, sunken, and wretched. I looked round the buildings—examined well the quarter I had inhabited during one whole night—nodded rather more civilly than otherwise to the landlord, and then took my leave for ever of the Vagrants' Lodging-house.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Turnip Fly.—Turnips, Cabbage, and many other plants, are attacked at their first appearance by an insect, often, with much propriety, called the Turnip Fly. It is without wings, nearly globular, and hops by the aid of its forked tail, from which circumstance it has derived its name, (Podura.) Swedish turnips are frequently injured by this insect, if the weather is dry at the time that they come up. It does less injury to *turnips* on ridges than to those sowed on level ground. As it will not sit upon damp ground, it is a good practice to roll or trample the top of the ridge, and then sow a little salt upon it, or which is better, sprinkle it with pickle made by putting a peck of fishery salt into water, and after stirring it for about two minutes draining off and preserving the pickle, which will have in it the greater part of the muriate of lime that was contained in the peck of salt, and will consequently attract considerable moisture from the air, while the salt thus washed will be better for preserving pork or butter than that which has not been washed. The common turnips being sowed when the numbers of these insects are diminished, (between the 25th of July and the 10th of August,) are less frequently injured by them; but should there be a drought, it would be useful to sow a little salt with them also.—*Colonial Farmer.*

Lending Newspapers.—It is an American axiom, and one much more sensible than many that cross the Atlantic to us, that there are two things which never should be lent—a tooth-brush and a newspaper. With regard to the last, an act of parliament (29th George III., c 50, still in force) expresses a kindred opinion:—"No hawker of a newspaper, or other person, shall let a newspaper for hire to any person or different persons, or from house to house, on pain of forfeiting £5."

American Toast.—"The Ladies; the only endurable Aristocracy, who rule without laws—judge without jury—decide without appeal—and are never in the wrong."

For every step (says Cecil) the minister takes into the world, his hearers take *two*.

Charlottetown: Printed and published by Cooper & Bremner, Printers to the Honorable the House of Assembly, at their Office, East corner of Pownal and Water Streets.—Terms, *15s. per annum, payable half yearly in advance.*