

TO THE SEA.

WITH AN ALLUSION TO THE LOSS OF THE PRESIDENT.

(From the London Patriot.)

Thou art beautiful, O sea! In thy tranquillity. At the hush of noon, when the sun's glorious face Is glass'd o'er all thy blue and boundless space; Or when the myriad stars of midnight throw Their small bright kisses o'er thy placid brow.

Bridlington Quay, 5th July, 1841.

ON AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.

Among the many objects upon which great improvements are made at the present day, it is cheering to consider that agriculture is also receiving much attention. True it is, that this is a subject which has been too much neglected. We have followed our predecessors. As our fathers and grandfathers did, so have we done.

But this is good husbandry, compared with the practice of many of our farmers with their mowing lots. With one class of our farmers, it has been the practice to till far too much land, and that quantity of manure that ought to be put on one acre is put on three.

This is one instance of the mismanagement of farmers in this region, and the natural consequence is, that land has lately decreased in value. Many farms have been worn out to such a degree, that the owners have been under the necessity of removing to the more fertile lands of Ohio.

Horses, at this season, which run in pastures, are tormented with the Bot-flies, who are attempting to deposit their eggs or nits upon their legs, and other parts of their bodies. Although they do not appear to bite the Horse, yet he has more dread of them than of those kinds that do bite him.

But how strange it is, that the farmer has remained so long deluded; how strange that they have remained so long blind and deaf to the writings of those who have examined the subject, and whose object in writing has been to benefit them!

The divine must spend years in studying the bible, and in examining commentaries upon it, before he is qualified for the duties of his office. The lawyer must spend years in study, before he is capable of pleading at the bar. The physician must spend years in studying and examining the writings of others, on the treatment of diseases, before he is qualified for attending the sick.

But these dark ages with respect to agriculture are rapidly flitting by us; and the sun that has been so long hid in clouds and darkness is now breaking forth in its meridian splendour, dispelling the fogs and mists in which our land has so long been enveloped.

PREVENTION OF RUST BY SALT.

The following account of a successful experiment in destroying mildew in wheat is from the Rev. Mr. Cartwright, and is copied from the Edinburgh Quarterly, and from a paper on the diseases of plants, by G. W. Johnson, Esq. "I and a neighbour of mine have applied it as a remedy for the mildew in wheat, with the most unequivocal success. I first made the discovery about two years ago. My experiments at that time were upon a very limited scale. They have this year only extended over an acre and a half, but under circumstances that leave not a shadow of a doubt of salt being an absolute specific for Mildew in the most aggravated stages of the disorder.

Mr. Johnson adds, "I can afford decided testimony to the efficacy of the cure recommended by Mr. Cartwright; but I would add these precautions. The safest quantity of salt per gallon is eight ounces, and then the application may be rendered more effectual by frequent repetition, without any danger of injury to the plants.

There is no disease that does so much injury to our wheat as the rust. Smut is in a great measure prevented by steeping the seed in vitriolic solutions, or salt and lime, but they have no effect upon rust. Yet every grower of wheat must have observed that some varieties are more affected by this disease than others.

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quired their full size, quitted their hold of the stomach, and have been passed with the dung early in June, and in July they may be found in the dry horse-dung which is scattered about the pastures covered with a brown skin, and apparently incapable of moving; but if the skin is carefully taken off, it will be found that it enclosed a Bot-fly, much resembling the humble Bee. This insect may be prevented from depositing its eggs upon the horse by oiling his legs and all other parts of his body where it is observed to deposit its nits.

A CAPITAL STORY.

The New York Spirit of the Times has an admirable story called 'The Big Bear of Arkansas.' We take a fragment showing that small mosquitoes would be 'no use in Arkansas,' and setting forth the merits of a certain dog.

'Where did all this happen?' asked a cynical looking hoser. 'Happen! happened in Arkansas; where else could it have happened, but in the creation State—the finishing up country; a State where the sile runs through the 'arth, and government gives you a title to every inch of it? Then its airs, just breathe them and they will make you snort like a horse. It's a state without a fault, it is.'

'Excepting mosquitoes,' cried the hoser. 'Well, stranger, except them, for it is a fact they are enormous, and do push themselves in somewhat troublesome. But, stranger, they never stick twice in the same place, and give them a fair chance for a few months, and you will get as much above them as an alligator. They can't hurt my feelings, for they lay under the skin, and I never knew but one case of injury resulting from them, and that was a Yankee; and they take worse to foreigners any how than they do to the natives. But the way they used that fellow! first they punched him until he swelled up and busted, then he supper-a-ted, as the doctor called it, until he was as raw as beef; then he took the ager, owing to the warm weather, and finally he took a steamboat and left the country. He was the only man that ever took mosquitoes to heart that I know of. But mosquitoes is natur, and I never find fault with her; if they ar large, Arkansas is large, her varmints ar large, and a small musquitto would be of no more use in Arkansas than preaching would be in a canebrake.'

This knock down argument in favor of mosquitoes used the hoser up, and the logician started on a new track, to explain how numerous bears were in his 'diggings,' where he represented them to be 'about as plenty as blackberries, and a little plentifuler.'

Upon the utterance of this assertion, a timid little man near me inquired if the bears in Arkansas ever attacked the settlers in numbers.

'No,' said our hero, warning, 'no stranger, for you see it arn't the natur of bears to go in droves, but the way they squander about in pairs and single is edifying. And then the way I hunt them—the old black rascals know the crack of my gun as well as they know a pig's squealing. They grow thin in our parts, it frightens them so—they do take the noise dreadfully, poor things. That gun of mine is a perfect epidemic among bar—if not watched closely, it will go off as quick on a warm scent as my dog Bowieknife will; and then the dog, when I why the fellow thinks the world is full of bar, he finds them so easy. It's lucky he don't talk as well as think, for with his natural modesty, if he should learn how much he is acknowledged to be ahead of all other dogs in the universe, he would be astonished to death in two minets.'

We have only room for another extract, which gives an account of the fatness of the Arkansas bear, and the soil of the creation state, where 'planting is dangerous.'

'What season of the year do your hunts take place?' inquired a gentlemanly foreigner, who, from certain peculiarities of his baggage, I suspected to be an Englishman, on some hunting expedition probably, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

'The season for bar hunting, stranger,' said the man of Arkansas, 'is generally all the year round, and the hunts take place about as regular. I read in history that varmints have their fat season and their lean season. This is not the case in Arkansas; feeding as they do on the spontaneous productions of the sile, they have one continued fat season the year round—though in the winter things in this way is a little more greasy than in summer, I must admit. For that reason, bar runs with us in warm weather, but in winter they only waddle. Fat! fat! it's an enemy to speed—it tames every thing that has plenty of it.—I have seen wild turkeys from its influences as gentle as chickens. Run a bar in this fat condition, and the way it improves the critter for eating is amazin; it sorter mixes the ile up with the meat until you can't tell tother from which. I've done this often.'

'I recollect one perty morning in particular, of putting an old he fellow on the stretch, and considering the weight he carried, he run well. But the dogs soon tired him down, and when I came up with him, was't he in a beautiful sweat—I might say fever—and then to see his tongue sticking out of his mouth a feet, and his sides sinking and opening like a bellows, and his cheeks so fat he could'n't look cross. In this fix I blazed at him, and pitch me naked into a briar path if the steam didn't come out of the bullet hole ten foot in a straight line. The fellow, I reckon, was made on the high pressure system—the lead sort of burst his biler.'

'That column of steam was rather curious, or else the bear must have been warm,' observed the foreigner, 'Stranger, as you observe, that bar was warm, and the blowing off of the steam showed it, and also how hard the varmint had been run. I have no doubt if he had been kept on two miles further his insides would have been stewed; and I expect to meet a varmint yet of extra bottom, who will run himself into a skin full of bar's grease; it is possible; onlikelier things have happened.'

'Whereabouts are these bears so abundant?' inquired the foreigner, with increasing interest. 'Why, stranger, they inhabit the neighbourhood of my settlement, one of the pestiest places in Old Mississippi—a perfect location and no mistake—a place that had some defects until the river made the 'cut off,' at the 'Shirt-tail-bend,' and that remedied the evil, for it brought my cabin on the edge of the river—a great advantage in wet weather I assure you, as you can roll

a barrel of whiskey into my yard in high water, from boat, as easy as falling off a log; it's a great improvement, as totting it by land in a jug, as I used to evaporated it too fast, and it became expensive. I stop with me, stranger, a month, or two, or a year if like, and you will appreciate my place. I can give plenty to eat, for beside hog and hominy, you can have bar ham, and bar sausages, and a mattress of bar to sleep on, and a wild cat skin, pulled off hull, stuffed with corn shucks, for a pillow. That bed would put to sleep if you had the rheumatics in every joint in your body. I call that ar bed a quietus. Then look at the land, the government arn't got such another place to dispose of. Such timber and such bottom land, you can't preserve any thing natural you plant in it, less you pick it young, things thar will grow out shape so quick. I once planted in those diggings a potatoes and beets, took a fine start, and after that ox team could'n't have kept them from growing. Ah, that time I went off to old Kentuck on business, I did not hear from them things in three months, when I accidentally stumbled on a fellow who had stopped at my place with an idea of buying me out. 'How do you like things!' said I. 'Pretty well,' said he; 'the soil is convenient, and the timber land is good, but the bottom land is not worth the first red rent.' 'Why,' said I. 'Cause its full of cedar stumps, and them Indian mounds is tater hills.'—As I expected, the soil was overgrown and useless; the sile is too rich, and planting in Arkansas is dangerous. I had a good sow killed in that same bottom land; the old thief stole an ear of corn and took it down where she slept at night to eat; well, she left a grain or two on the ground, I lay down on them, and the percussion killed her dead. I don't plant any more: natur intended Arkansas for a hunting ground, and I go according to natur.'

THE WAY TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.—To get on in this world, you must be content to be always stopping where you are; to advance, you must be stationary; to get up, you must keep down; following riches is like following wild geese, you must crawl after both on your belly—the minute you pop up your head, off they fly whistling down the wind, and you see no more of them if you have not the art of sticking by nature, you must acquire it by art; put a couple of pounds of birdseed upon your office stool, and sit upon it; get a chain round your leg and tie yourself to your counter like a pair of shop scissors; nail yourself up against the wall of your place of business, like a weasel on a barn door, or the sign of the Spread Eagle; or, what will do best of all, marry a poor honest girl without a penny, and let her be yours if you don't do business! Never mind what your relations say about genius, talent, learning, pushing, enterprise, and such stuff; when they come advising you for your good, stick up to them for the loan of a sovereign, and if ever you see them on your side of the street again, skiver me and welcome; but to do any good, I tell you over and over again, you must be a stickler.—You may get fat upon a rock, if you never quit your hold of it!—American paper.

REASON OF CATS ALIGHTING ON THEIR FEET IN FALLING.—The instinct which all animals seem to possess in bringing the line of direction of the centre of pressure within the base, is admirable. It is this instinct which renders the wild goat and chamois so fearless of dangers in the terrific leaps they make among alpine precipices, and which enables a cat always to alight on its feet in falling from heights that appear sufficient to render a fall fatal. Now, the operations of instinct, though many points of view not a little marvellous, are always regulated by some ingenious principle, when that can be discovered; and in the instance of the cat always falling on her feet, it appears to me that the same principle operates which enables us to walk upright by regulating our centre of pressure, attending to the things around us. In learning to walk, we judge of the distances of objects which we approach by the eye, and by observing their perpendicularity determine our own. Hence it is that no one who is hoodwinked can walk in a straight line for a hundred steps together; and for the same reason most people become dizzy when they look from the summit of a tower or battlement raised above the object in the sphere of distinct vision. A whirling wheel, or the current of a rapid river, or the apparent motion of the sea on looking over the side of a fast sailing ship, have often a similar effect. When a child can first stand erect on its legs, if you give him attention to a white handkerchief extended like a sail, he will stand firm; but the instant you move it, he will tumble down. It is for this reason that ropewalkers, who have a very narrow base upon which to maintain the line of direction perpendicular, keep their eye fixed upon a point of the framework upholding the rope, by which to regulate their centre of pressure; and for the same reason, those who perform difficult parts of balancing, keep their eye fixed on the top of the things balanced, to retain the line of direction within the base. It may be accordingly inferred, that the reason why a man loses his balance when tipsy, is, that his eyes roll so unsteadily as to prevent him regulating his balance by the things around him, while the muscular feelings that assist him when hoodwinked are also deranged. It would be curious to ascertain whether a cat, if rendered tipsy, would fall equally on her feet when dropped from a height as a sober cat. The difficulty of the experiment would lie in getting a cat to drink beer, wine, or spirits, all of which it greatly dislikes. I have no doubt indeed, that it is by fixing the eye on the things around that a cat falling from a height regulates her centre of pressure so as to fall on her feet. She is, however, aided in this by the form of her body, somewhat the reverse of that of a greyhound, the centre of pressure lying far back from the head, and consequently, bringing down the hind feet rather before the fore feet.—Rennie's Alphabet of Physics or Natural Philosophy.

RAILROADS.—An instance of amazing rapidity was afforded on the 30th ult. A special train was dispatched from Birmingham to London on election business at twelve p. m. (calling in its course at seven intermediate stations, and suffering delay to the amount altogether of 11 minutes), and arrived at Euston station at eleven minutes past three a. m.; thus performing the distance of 112½ miles, exclusive of stoppages, in two hours and fifty-seven minutes. The whole journey between London and Glasgow has been performed in less than 26 hours.

An order of the day has been issued at Antwerp, expressly forbidding the officers and soldiers of the garrison to utter profane oaths.

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