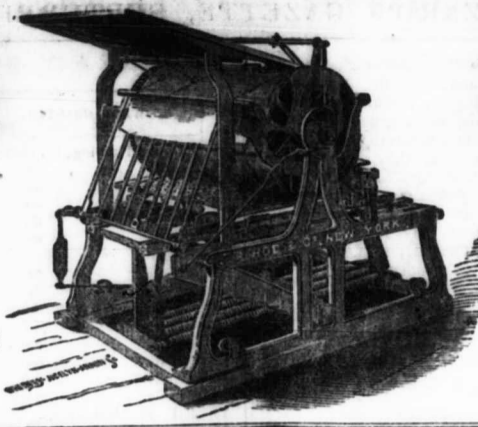


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LORD RAGLAN.

Let the dead rest in peace! Let not the cold blast of scandal sweep over the grave of a GOOD MAN, but rather let us weave chaplets to his honor and drop a tear of sorrow to his memory. Vices he had none, then let not his virtues be forgotten. If success did not crown all his efforts in the great existing struggle, it was owing to difficulties unforeseen either by himself or others. If he conquered on the Alma—if he vanquished his foes at Inkerman, and failed in achieving a final victory at Sebastopol—it should be remembered, that he lost his life in the attempt, and his country could hardly require more of him.

But it is not all who lay accusations against him, for it will never be admitted that the chosen man of the great captain who triumphed at Waterloo could fall into the errors that thoughtless writers have attributed to him. No! the officer selected by the Duke of Wellington to carry his most important orders, to know his secrets, and share his confidence in all the hard won fields of the Peninsula, we may be assured was not a military blockhead. On the bloody plains of Waterloo, he left his right arm as a pledge of his devotion to his leader and to his country!—to England—to that country whose son he was, and who sitting enthroned in the bosom of the ocean has for a thousand years

“braved the battle and the breeze.”

It has been said that he differed from his French colleagues, in command; that General Pellissier scouted his abilities and wished him out of the way. But let us read the eulogy pronounced by this same General Pellissier to his memory, in the general order to the French army after the hero's death; let us read it again and again and ponder on it, for although short, it says much. It breathes an eloquence and a pathos not less honorable to the pen than to the heart of the noble French chieftain:

“Those who have known Lord Raglan—who have known the history of his life, so noble, so pure, so full of patriotic services—those who were witnesses of his intrepidity in the days of Alma and Inkerman—who can recall the stoical grandeur of his character throughout his rough and memorable campaign—in a word, all men with hearts will deplore the loss of such a man. The sentiments which the General-in-Chief here expresses will be those of the entire army. He himself is shocked by this unlooked-for blow. The general's grief is increased with him in finding himself for ever separated from a companion in arms whose cordial spirit he loved, whose virtues he admired, and with whom he always found loyal and affectionate concurrence.”

It may be said that this is the voice of a friend—of a mere companion in arms. Be it so; but who can gainsay its truth and its justice? Yet suppose it to be only the voice of a friend, let us hear the opinion of a foe; let us read what the Russians say:—

“Lord Raglan has died. During the entire period of the command of this noble general, he succeeded in conciliating the esteem and respect not only of those with whom his nation was allied, but also of the enemy to whom he was opposed. He was one of the last of the heroes of that glorious English army which, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, illustrated the English name, on so many battle-fields, and of which the few remaining veterans bore on their breasts, till

lately, the honorable tokens. Lord Raglan was on several occasions distinguished by the late Emperor Nicholas, as also by the reigning Emperor. He will be personally regretted in Russia by all who had an opportunity of knowing and appreciating the nobleness of his sentiments and the uprightness of his character. As a subject, he performed his duty by obeying the command of his Sovereign, and as a soldier by valiantly defending the honor of his flag; but even in the execution of his duty, he preserved unblemished to his death his own personal dignity and that of his country. He had fallen, like so many others, a victim to this disastrous war. Honored be his memory, and respected be his grave! which will be as sacred on the soil of Russia as on that of England, and, while pointing to it no Russian will refuse to say—*Siste, viator, heroum calcas.*”

There, Englishmen, read these tributes of Frenchmen and Russian to your departed General, and reflect how cruelly some of you have slandered a great and good man. But his country knew his worth and has done him justice. From his sovereign he received honors, from his country his family have received rewards, and he was emphatically, a man whom the Queen delighted to honor. Of noble birth, of high and ancient lineage, he lived in honor, and died the patient and Christian soldier. Peace be to his ashes!

OBJECT OF SALT IN THE SEA.

Professor Chapman of University College, Toronto, has published an interesting paper on the object of sea-water being salt, and after giving his objections to the usually received opinions, he urges the theory that the object is to regulate evaporation. If any temporary cause renders the amount of saline matter in the sea above its normal value, evaporation goes on more and more slowly. If the value be depreciated by the addition of fresh water in undue excess the evaporating power is the more and more increased. He gives the results of various experiments in reference to evaporation on weighed quantities of ordinary rain water, and water holding in solution 2.6 per cent. of salt. The excess of loss of the rain water compared with the salt solution, was, for the first twenty-four hours, 0.54 per cent.; at the close of forty-eight hours, 1.46 per cent, and so on in an increasing ratio.

READING.—Among the prizes at Harrow on the 23rd ult., there was one, for the first time, adjudged to proficiency in good reading. It was the gift of the Rev. Francis Trench, an old Harrovian, and the successful competitor was Mr. Merivale. The prize was very popular among the boys, and excited much competition on the highest form.

HOW TO HAVE NO WEEDS TO PULL.—Stir the ground often, and they will never get big enough to pull. A loose top-soil can be stirred up half a dozen times with a hoe in the time required to go over it once in the pulling process. The growth of all plants will also be greatly promoted by the frequent stirring of the soil.

TURKEYS AND GRASSHOPPERS.—It is stated by farmers who have tried it, that there is no way to get rid of grasshoppers more effectually than by keeping a flock of turkeys. Farmers that have been perfectly overrun with grasshoppers, have, by this means, been thoroughly freed from them, not only for the time being, but for years.

CHINESE INNS.

As it is customary to commence by drinking tea, and amusing yourself with little trifling dainties, the cooks (or, give them a more stately and appropriate appellation, the “mandarines of the kettle”) have time for their culinary operations. They bring the dishes ordered in the most ostentatious manner, and when the waiters of the establishment put down the dishes before the guests, they sing out the names in a loud voice, so as to be heard by every one. This is, as may be supposed is found very useful in exciting the vanity of the guests, and inducing them to ask for expensive things, that perhaps they would willingly have done without if they had been dining in private. When the repast is finished the head-waiter of the hotel comes to the door, and commences a kind of song, of which the subject is the nomenclature of the dishes, and the burden the sum total of the expenses. When the guests go out—and this, it must be owned, is a critical and solemn moment—those who have dined economically depart with an humble and contrite air, and try to avoid the notice of the company; while the Chinese lords, who have eaten sumptuously, and of high priced viands, march out with their pipes in their mouths, their noses in the air, and casting proud and disdainful glances all around. If the fashion were adopted in the taverns of Europe, of proclaiming aloud what every body had taken, it is to be feared, that many a guest would give himself an indigestion out of pure vanity.—*Huc's Chinese Empire.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

I will give you two or three good rules which may help you to become happier than you would be, without knowing them; but as to being completely happy, that you can never be till you get to heaven.

The first is, “Try your best to make others happy.” “I never was happy,” said a certain king, “till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart.”

My second rule is, “Be content with little.” There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little, we require but little, and “better is little, with the fear of God, than great treasures and trouble therewith.” Two men were determined to be rich; but they set about in different ways, for the one strove to raise up his means to his desires, while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, the one who coveted so much was always repining; while he who desired but little, was always contented.

My third rule is, “Look on the sunny side of things.”

Look up with hopeful eyes
Though all things seem forlorn;
The sun that sets to-night will rise
Again to-morrow morn.

The skipping lamb, the singing lark, and the leaping fish, tell us that happiness is not confined to one place. God in his goodness has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and in the water. Two aged women lived in the same cottage; one was always fearing a storm, and the other was always looking for sunshine—hardly need I say, which it was wore a forbidding frown, or which it was, whose face was lighted up with joy.

MUSK'DO IT.—The Scientific association have decided that a man has no business to marry his cousin.

LORD DUNDONALD'S SECRET REVEALED.

—As many people are extremely anxious to know something about the destructive agency proposed to be employed by Lord Dundonald, there can be no harm in indicating the nature of it. And we beg to observe that, in doing this, our object is to commend the humanity of the Government in refusing to adopt the agency of fiends in even the most direful of human conflicts.

When then, Lord Dundonald's plan consists in creating a pestilence within the range of which nothing human could live. His Lordship asserts that he has discovered a chemical preparation capable of being projected at a great distance, the bursting of which would be followed by a stench so intolerable as immediately to produce pestilence. Neither man, woman, nor child could live within the range of its influence. Now, we have our doubts as to the reality of this discovery. But, were it otherwise, nothing in the world would induce us to investigate it practically—which is the only way it could be so investigated as to arrive at a certainty respecting its success. It is worse than well-poison—worse than any system of wholesale murder ever yet devised by man. We look upon it as most creditable to the Government that no attention is paid to plans of warfare in which an agency so infernal in its very conception is recommended as the principal feature.

Lord Dundonald announced some time ago that unless his plan was adopted within a given number of days by the English Government, he would make an offer of it to the Emperor of the French. We have not heard that he has done so, but we have been told upon good authority that he would not be more successful in Paris than he has been in London. Louis Napoleon may be bad enough, but he is not the fiend incarnate implied in his willingness to adopt so frightful a mode of making war upon any portion of the human race.—*Hull Advertiser.*

SUPERIOR PASTE.—Dissolve an ounce of alum in a quart of warm water; when cold add as much flour as will make it the consistency of cream; then strew into it as much powdered resin as will stand on a shilling, and two or three cloves; boil it to a consistence, stirring all the time. It will keep for twelve months, and when dry, may be softened with water.

CURRENT TREES.—Currant bushes may as well be made trees as shrubs. In the spring of 1831, my father set cuttings for currant bushes. I determined to experiment on one of these cuttings, and as it grew, I pinched off all the leaves except the top tuft, which I let grow. The cutting was about fourteen inches long, and during the summer the sprout from this grew ten inches. The next spring I pinched off all the leaves to about half way up the first year's growth, so as to leave the lowest limb two feet from the ground. It branched well, and became a handsome little dwarf tree. When it came to bear fruit, it was more productive than any other bush in the garden, and the fruit larger. It was less infested with spiders and other insects; hens could not pick of the fruit, and grass and weeds were more easily kept from the roots, and it was an ornament, instead of a blemish. Now, I would propose that currant cuttings be set in rows about four or five feet apart each way—let them be long and straight ones—and trained into trees.—*Michigan Farmer.*