

Agriculture.

[THE following Essay is from the pen of Mr. James Thomson, of Windsor, N. S., for which he received a prize at the Industrial Exhibition, in Halifax. It contains the results of the successful experience he has had for many years in this highly important branch of Agriculture. The delay in its publication has arisen from the M. S. not being returned till recently.—Ed.]

For the Christian Messenger.

Essay on the Management of Orchards in Nova Scotia.

Nova Scotia Exhibition Prize Essay.

From the earliest ages of mankind to the present period a love for the beautiful and a desire to cultivate fruits and flowers seems to have been inherent in human nature. Even in the dingy and smoky city endeavours are seen to obtain a peep at nature, although it may be only by a stunted plant in a spoutless teapot. Both sacred and profane poets have drawn their most beautiful illustrations from rural scenery and painted in glowing colours the delight and enjoyment afforded by pleasant fruits and beautiful flowers.

The desire that many have of assisting in the raising of fruits, has induced them to give directions, and to write elaborate treatises on this important subject,—but most of them not being adapted to the climate of Nova Scotia, and the fact of some terms used in them not being generally understood, has rendered them of but little practical utility to the plain Farmer and amateur Gardener.

The cultivation of fruit is a source of health to the body, and a delightful occupation to the contemplative mind, and has induced many amongst all classes to cultivate some spot however limited, which they may term their garden;—to assist in this delightful and profitable employment is the intention of the following remarks.

It is not supposed that any thing here offered may properly be termed new, but some directions or remarks may be shown in a new light, or adapted to this new country, and so modified as to suit our soil and climate. Every thing advanced may be depended on as the result of close observation and lengthened experience.

It has long been supposed by superficial observers that this Province is not adapted to the production of any of the finer sorts of fruits, and that we cannot even raise enough of the hardy and common sorts for our own consumption, far less produce any quantity for exportation; but the fine and various samples exhibited in the capital at various times plainly prove the capabilities of this country, and it only requires to be more extensively known, and practically improved, to supply fruit of the best quality and in any reasonable quantity. The samples of the Peach, Plum, Pear, Filbert, Grape, and other sorts of fruits, show its capabilities.

The climate of Nova Scotia in summer\* is many degrees warmer than many other places where the finer sorts of fruits arrive at maturity, (as for instance the grape in Switzerland.) The various crops of grain, roots, and vegetables which arrive at perfection are sufficient evidence of this. For instance, the turnip is often planted in the spring—the seed comes to perfection—the same seed sown and a crop of turnips grown in a perfect state during one short summer. Peas have been sown—become perfectly ripe,—then sown again and a good crop raised the same season. Water-melons, raised in the open air, perfectly ripe prove the general and rapid growth of our seasons. The peach from three to five ounces in weight grown in open air, the various and abundant crops of plums raised in various parts of the Province would bear favourable comparison with those of many other countries. The excellent crops of apples raised and the keeping qualities and exquisite flavour of many of the varieties often command a preference in our own and neighbouring markets, and if more of the best varieties were cultivated they would be a source of profitable investment of capital.

It sometimes occurs that a late spring-frost or other blight may occasion a failure of fruit in some seasons, but similar events take place in all countries. The partial failure of fruit caused by the depredations of the caterpillar, &c., may in a great measure be counteracted by careful management.

The position of Nova Scotia has been considered by some as unfavourable to the production of fruit-trees and fruit. Is the latitude

of 45°—almost an island, uncongenial? Compare it with Great Britain from latitude 50° to 59° where some of the fruit trees are produced. The finest orchards of cider and desert fruits abound in some of the English counties, also the gardens and orchards of Clydesdale, and the fruits produced in the vicinity of Edinburgh. There are orchards surrounding the valley of the Tay, and on the banks of the Forth, and even as far north as Aberdeenshire and other neighbouring counties, and if they produce no better grain, roots, or vegetables than our own, then may not this Province also produce fruits equal to these more advanced and older countries? In Britain the ground is liable to be covered with snow, or frozen on its surface from November to March, and therefore vegetable food must be produced in sufficient quantity during the seven months of mild weather, to store up as a provision for the remaining five. Turnips in Surrey, are generally sown in August—in Norfolk, in July—in Scotland, in June or often in May. In Nova Scotia, Swedish turnips are generally sown in June—Yellow Aberdeen and red-top and Globe, the middle or latter part of July—and are often destroyed by caterpillar if sown earlier than the 28th of July, or beginning of August.

In Britain, spring wheat is generally sown from 1st of February to the middle of March, and reaped sometime in September. In 1854, wheat sown here on the 29th May, was reaped on the 1st September, perfectly ripe. If wheat and other grain-crops, come to perfection, there is no good reason that can be assigned why fruits also with proper management, may not come to perfection also.

The severe winters of Nova Scotia (in general) have no bad effect on fruit trees, if the varieties have been raised in the country, as it is a well known rule, that trees adapt themselves to the climate in which they are reared, while exotics generally fail—peach trees raised in this country bear abundantly, and ripen their fruit in the open air—while foreign plants of the same sorts, and in the like situation do not succeed, even the apricot, filbert, and some of the hardy grapes, attain to perfection in most of our seasons.

The soils that are best adapted for orchard culture, are as various as the fruits that are intended to be grown. Apple-trees thrive best in a free, rich, gravelly soil. Plums, in a rich clay. Pears, in a rich, deep loam. Cherry and peach trees with the vine, thrive and produce the best fruit in a dry, rich, sandy soil; but in all cases stagnant water will destroy any tree, especially in the spring; therefore good French drains ought to be placed under the rows of the apple orchard.

In planting an orchard the soil ought to be deeply trenched, for at least a considerable distance around each tree, that the roots may extend and be nourished from underneath, and not extend themselves along the surface, to be in the way of the plough—the soil put in good order with well-rotted manure, and the trees planted at a proper distance, according as the nature of the after-cultivation may determine—and as deep as they stood originally in the nursery. All the roots being scrupulously preserved from being injured, and each root extended its full length horizontally, and in all directions with layers of good soil, packed by hand, closely between every root, so that as great an extent of soil, and supply of nourishment as possible may be given to the young trees—covering the surface with litter after being finally trodden down. The surface around the tree should be cultivated and kept clean, using manure at least one year old, but in no case should manure come in contact with the roots, as such is likely to induce canker—planting and keeping the ground clean in this manner for a few years will insure more growth than careless planting would in a much longer period.

[To be continued.]

WHY THE POOR ARE POOR.—Recently I had an interview with the minister of a parish in Scotland—(and I may observe that he was not an abstainer)—when he said, 'I am trustee for some money which is for the virtuous poor. Two things in my opinion are essential to virtue—1st, industry; 2d, sobriety. The result is,' said the minister, 'I cannot get quit of the money, for all the needy poor about here are either drunken or idle.'

The Kentucky American says "the whiskey crop will be greater this season than it has been for years in Kentucky." If this be so there will be an increased demand for that other Kentucky crop—hem.

When a man cannot "get a living" without selling rum, it is about time for him to leave this "sphere."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

EUROPEAN MEMORANDA.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, Sept. 26.

THE CORONATION AT MOSCOW.

[Concluded]

MR. EDITOR,

My last letter described in brief the capital of Russian Russia, Moscow, and its relation to the national character, as well as present position in being the most eagerly regarded city of Europe. What Jerusalem was to the Jew, Moscow is to the Muscovite: its stones are sacred; its palaces are gorgeous with the heaped-up riches of centuries, are hallowed by ancient royal memories dearer to the unlettered Slavonian than aught in his land beside; its temples, the holy-of-holies of the Greek church, breathe upon his soul all the emotions that beautiful combinations, harmonious associations, and solemn impulses can produce. His senses enslaved by a creed whose chief appeal is to the senses, he bows in soul as well as body, when—as now—that city and that creed are invested with almost fabulous splendour; when his Emperor-God appears in his majesty, and when the hosannahs of choirs and the responses of thousands hail the Tzar\* a Lord's anointed.

Nor, even to a mind free from enslaving superstition, is the scene unimpressive, in a similar manner, but less in degree. Antiquity even awakens emotion in an intelligent heart; music and beauty—that clustering of colour which, in its ever-changing diversity, produces the most perfect harmony of effect—and the easily imagined but hardly described emotions which numbers and gorgeous pageants, of whatever kind, awaken—all were present when Alexander became truly the ruler of Russia; and one who saw most of, and describes best, that scene, owns that artist must "dip his pencil in the hues of the rainbow" to portray that dreamy and yet real enchantment.

The superficial observer might gaze in rapt wonderment alone on the gilded throng: the artist, sculptor, and poet, each strive there for some new inspiration, wherewith to make men "dance to their lyre" or stand lovingly before their embodied creations: superstition might bow in speechless awe, or wild fanaticism exult in frenzied joy; but calmer, higher, more frequent thoughts might fitly cluster around that scene, and moralist, philanthropist, statesman and Christian, thence educe a moral, learn, and scan the future with prophetic glance. The past, with its emblems of conquest, scarce-departed barbarism, and old-world-associations, was represented in the cathedrals, palaces, relics, priesthood, and thrones: the present was embodied in the young sovereign who, with an apparently fitting sense of his awfully responsible position, grasped the sceptre with a firm yet emotive grasp; the future rushed upon the mind in beholding, even in the heart of that most exclusive monarchy, the representatives of new principles and advanced politics—of freedom, right, and truth—hand in hand with an old despotism, and imparting, despite all reluctance to own or receive it, more and more of the enlightened spirit of the 19th century. Terrible Ivan! Great Peter! Amorous Catherine! your days are indeed gone by, your dreams are unfulfilled, and your names but as their echo.

Your readers, Mr. Editor, are aware from my last letter that the Emperor entered Moscow in grand procession, and visited the Kremlin. Afterwards he watched all night in one of its Cathedrals, fasting. So watched ancient Knight, on assuming his spurs: and fit preparation was it, for the exercise of irresponsible power, to kneel to the All-Powerful and All-Wise, amid the stillness of midnight, and the early watches of day. If at any time the soul could burst the tangles of superstition, and soar away, beyond rites and mummeries, to the reality of a picture, tinselled resemblance, surely it would be there: surely, if ever Alexander prayed at all, it was in those solemn hours.

But not alone was he. Faithful to her lord, the gentle Empress shared his devotions; nor heeded fatigue, in presence of such incentives. Solemnly the tapers' flickering beam illumined, moveless and death-still lines of armed attendants, in the dim recesses of aisle and nave: solemnly the night wore on, unbroken save by devotion's genuflection or deep breathing. Day came, and the worshippers arose.

\* So Russians spell the word in French.

What had been their prayers? where are they? what will be their answer?

Where are "special correspondents" not forthcoming? A Princess, *en grande tenue*, visited the Cathedral early; and on being informed that a reporter of a continental journal was also present, desired to see him. Of course the gentleman attended; but, alas for his unbiased criticism, when asked, point blank, "How do you like me?" Who could do otherwise than praise? Who fail to comply with a princely lady's request to be particularly mentioned and described—especially when a portion of the public and somewhat martial life was detailed, that all Europe might know? Impartial, Mr. Editor, as your Correspondent always endeavours to be, he would not answer for his report, if submitted to such gallant test.

The day of the coronation dawned brilliantly. At sunrise all Moscow was astir; at six, the Kremlin was "assaulted by a sea of human beings, lashing themselves eagerly against the gates, and surging in like huge waves." Inside was a mass of ladies in full dress, of mujiks, of officers in official costume, blazing with stars, crosses, and orders." To describe the various Halls of that magnificent Palace, dressed as they were in scarlet, blue, gold, and guarded by the picked soldiers of the empire, would alone half fill these columns. The readers of this letter must be pleased to supply it by their imagination; trying to realize all that the 'Arabian Nights' and other tales of Eastern magnificence say—adding to it all the picturesque and sparkling display of nobles who shone in diamonds, and ladies resplendent in jewelled charms as well as the most ingenious dresses that art can supply. The crown, set out for display, was a cluster of Koh-i-noors, with a wreath of diamonds in the form of oak leaves round it, and many of the brilliants large as pistol balls. The sceptre was tipped with a diamond for which Catherine II. gave a pension for life and nearly £80,000 to a runaway slave. Its guard was formed of old veterans who had served at Ismail and in Italy, lived under three Emperors, and fought the great Napoleon. There was Gortschakoff, who commanded the famous retreat from Sebastopol, covered with decorations, but having a careworn expression which showed how deeply he had suffered, thought, and planned. Also, Menschikoff, defender of the Alma, and still sore from his memorable defeat. Totleben, too, renowned through Europe as the defender of Sebastopol, with a noble carriage, but leaning on a cane; which told still of the wound he received in the trenches. Luders, "the bugbear who was always to bring reinforcements to the Crimea;" Orloff, the negotiator of Paris; and other celebrities who must be nameless.

The Banqueting Hall was one glare of gold plate, in goblets, vases, cups, salvers, &c., ranged on tables, massed on sideboards; clustered on carved stands, tier above tier, round the pillars. One grand cup alone cost £10,000. The Imperial throne was approached by steps covered with gold-embroidered purple velvet, and edged with large gold salvers on pedestals of malachite. The three ancient thrones of the Czars, were placed beneath a gorgeous canopy, and on the left was a table with cloth of gold for the crown, sceptre and globes. Two tables for the guests extended all down the room, and the chairs were white and gold, with crimson velvet seats.

At nine the Ambassadors began to arrive. Count De Moray looked as a grand Frenchman only can, when "got up regardless of expense." Lord Granville wore the Windsor uniform, and appeared worthy of his Court. Ours was the only Legation with ladies attached. Lady Granville left some of her jewels at home; though early in the ceremony a diamond necklace broke from her neck, the pearls dropping around, and the accident being deemed unworthy of the expression of even an emotion of the face of that haughty lady, who passed on as though nothing had happened! Query; would the precious stones be "annexed" by servants, or find their way back to their owner?

Prince Esterhazy, Austria's representative, was decked in puce silk or velvet, with a Hussar jacket braided with pearls, which also flashed from every fold of his clothing. Maroon coloured boots, similarly ornamented, came up to the knees, and terminated in spurs of brilliants. "One would almost be proud to be kicked by such a boot; but perhaps such an honour is only conferred on the great and noble."

At ten o'clock the grand procession to the Cathedral began. Preceded by Masters of the ceremonies, came the Empress-mother, in an imperial mantle, and with a crown of