

Agriculture.

How to produce Fruit-trees.

Mr. J. Beckwith, in the New England Farmer, gives directions regarding the production of fruit-trees. "In the fall—October or November—take a branch of an apple or pear-tree, such as suits your taste, take off down to the third year's growth, cut it smooth and rub it on a red-hot iron so as to scorch and shut the pores of the wood thoroughly; then bury in the ground all but the last year's growth. If placed in good ground, and well taken care of, you will have fruit in five or six years. I have, sometimes, dipped the lower end in melted rosin, but think burning preferable. I have a tree near my door that is nine feet high, and well-proportioned, that I took from a graft four years ago; to this rosin was applied, and whatever sprouts sprung up, the next Summer, were bent down and became roots. We can get fruit considerably quicker this way than from seeds, and we know what we have growing, and, when grown, the whole tree is of the same kind, and whatever sprouts come from the roots in after-years can be transplanted without grafting. In case of drought the first year, they should be watered."

Effect of Hard Water upon Animals.

Horses have an instinctive love of soft water, and refuse hard water, if they can possibly get the former. Hard water produces a rough and staring coat on horses, and renders them liable to gripes. Pigeons also refuse hard water, if they can obtain access to soft. Cleghorn states that hard water in Minorca causes diseases in certain animals, especially sheep. So much are race-horses influenced by the quality of the water, that it is not unfrequent to carry a supply of soft water to the locality in which the race is to take place, lest there being only hard water, the horses should lose condition.

Mr. Youatt, in his book called "The Horse," remarking on the desirableness of soft water for the horse, says:—"Instinct or experience has made the horse himself conscious of this, for he will never drink hard water if he has access to soft; he will leave the most transparent water of a well for a river, although the water may be turbid, and even for the muddiest pool."

Destruction of Weeds in Paved Paths and Courts.

The growing of weeds between the stones of a pavement is often very injurious, as well as unsightly. The following method of destroying them is adopted at the Mint in Paris and elsewhere, with good effect. One hundred pounds of water, twenty pounds of quick-lime, and two pounds of flour of sulphur, are boiled in an iron vessel; the clear part drawn off, and being more or less diluted, according to circumstances, is to be used for watering the alleys and pavements. The weeds will not reappear for several years.

This plan will prove most effectual, but remember that the liquid will be death to the box or other plants upon the borders of such plots or paths, if it be allowed to reach the roots.

Lady Bugs.

Whatever else you destroy in the insect line, never injure a lady bug; for in its larvæ, its pupa (two stages of its metamorphose) and its insect state, it feeds upon the aphid (the plant-louse or "vine-fretter") that is so pestilent in gardens and green-houses, and even in window-gardening among parlor plants. Every child knows the lady-bird as well as the zoologist, who calls it "coleopterous," that is, sheath-winged, having its wings under cover of a pair of shells running longitudinally. The wings are of various brilliant colors, generally between orange and deep red. It belongs to the same genus of insects as the beautiful cochineal.—Louisville Journal.

To Preserve Herbs.

All kinds of herbs should be gathered on a dry day, just before, or while in blossom. Tie them in bundles and suspend them in a dry, airy place, with the blossoms downwards. When perfectly dry wrap the medicinal ones in paper and keep them from the air. Pick off the leaves of those which are to be used in cooking, pound and sift them fine, and keep the powder in bottles, corked up tight.

A Mammoth Squash.

Mr. Samuel Hoard, of this city, has raised a squash in his garden this season, which weighs one hundred and eighty-six pounds.—It is probably the largest squash ever grown in this country.—Chicago Journal.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Voyage to South America.

The following are extracts of two letters from a gentleman, the son of one of our subscribers in Halifax, who went out last winter to South America, on an exploring expedition. They afford us some details from those distant regions, which we do not often obtain. Our enterprising Nova Scotians are now frequently paying visits to various foreign countries, and communicating to their friends the results of their observation, and we shall be glad from time to time to receive from them such items of information as these for our columns.

If our friends will allow us to make use of them they will have the satisfaction of giving permanency to their letters and of inducing others to write, and thus produce habits of observation and enquiry in their families which are the principal features that distinguish intelligent men.

CARTHAGENA, New-year's day,

January 1st, 1856.

DEAR S—, I little thought last New-year's day to be addressing you from Carthage, but so it is, and I dare say you are wondering what brought us in here, where indeed we had no thoughts of coming until somewhat advanced on our way.

The climate is now delightful—Thermometer about 80, and they say 'twill remain the same till April, the nights are delightfully cool, and no rain. I would give anything if we could have such a climate up the Atrato, where they tell us it rains nearly all the time. The Custom Authorities here are very liberal and obliging, allowing us to put our steamer in the water here, as we intend doing, and steaming her down to, and up the river. This will save us all delay in the unhealthy port of Turbo, as well as give us the facilities of getting our work more quickly done.

We have not yet been to see much of the city (which is a walled one, the walls costing over 50 millions of dollars, and in as good a state of preservation as when first built,) except the cathedral and some of the old convents, Custom House, &c. The population is now only about 10 or 12,000, being formerly 40 or 50,000. But they all have great expectations of its speedy resuscitation by means of the canal from this harbor into the Madalina River, which will draw all the trade of the country here. The canal or dike as they call it is now finished and navigable, and the Am. Company who have the monopoly of it have steamers running from here to Howda, near Bogota, so that you can now go in 10 or 12 days. The steamer "Henry Wells," they have running has only made one trip, but by a bad pilot, was often grounded, and once snagged, which delayed her very much, and had it not been for that she could have made 3 trips and have cleared in the three months she has been absent \$60,000: as it is she has in that time cleared \$10,000. This I know to be true. And it is the general belief here that the company has one of the most valuable monopolies on the continent.

Every body here thinks we shall find plenty of gold, and I know you will hope so. Though we had a quick, it was rather a stormy and disagreeable passage, with pretty poor accommodations, but we are now amply repaid by the comforts here. We stop at the hotel Calamar—kept by a Pole, M. B. Sadownicki, who speaks English. As you may suppose there are several enterprising Yankees here, and as usual among them a dentist—whom Santa Anna sent for to come professionally to him at Turburco, a town about 15 miles from here where the Ex-President lives. He went, staid eight days, fixed Santa Anna's and his wife's jaws, and rendered the modest bill of \$1,800 for his services; the General remonstrated, but finally gave him a check for \$1,200. They tell me Santa Anna is worth 6 or 7 millions—and C. and I propose going out to pay him a visit.

Yours sincerely,
J. W.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24. 1856.

DEAR MOTHER,—I have so many letters, fortunately, from all of you at home, that I hardly know how and to whom to commence answering them. I think I am right, however, in deciding that you are entitled first to my consideration. Of course you cannot expect me to reply to all of them separately and in particular, but I will proceed to give a brief account of myself, after writing you from Carthage, and giving you some of the reasons for my sudden return.

You will recollect by my letters that we arrived at Carthage, Dec. 30th. We "made

it" Saturday 29th, but too late to enter the harbour, and "stood off" for sea about dark, running on to the Salmadina shoals during the night, which occasioned the report of our shipwreck—and indeed we had a very narrow escape. We did not remain in Carthage to launch the Steamer and discharge cargo, as we intended when I wrote you from there, but left on the 4th Jan'y. for Turbo, the port at the mouth of the Atrato River, where we arrived on the 6th Jan'y. Here we found the schr. "Stella" awaiting us, launched the steamer and discharged cargo, a process occupying ten days.

I left C.— and the rest of the party there (bound up the River for the diggings,) and came on in the brig to Aspinwall, en route for New York. One object I had in returning was that at the mouth of the Atrato I had ascertained the existence of large deposit of coal, which must necessarily become of immense value from its contiguity to Aspinwall, where so much coal is shipped from the United States; and I am fortunate in believing from what I have seen since my return that the matter is likely to be taken hold of by capitalists here, and if I can secure my rights my fortune is made without further effort. I am not, however, going to be too sanguine about it, but will try, and "Learn to labour and to wait."

So I have brought myself up to New York, but I suppose you would like to hear something more about the particulars of the expedition.

After leaving Carthage, of which I have written you, we were two days getting to the port of Turbo, at the mouth of the river Atrato. In speaking of the port of Turbo you must not imagine any thing like a town or harbour with a light-house, shipping, &c.,—for the port of Turbo is only a collection of some dozen or so of palm-thatched huts, to keep a few of the descendants of Ham from the tropical sun and rains, and it is not at all discernable from salt-water, so that it is a very difficult and dangerous port to make, the whole coast being virgin woods to the water's edge, and along a great part of it the water runs far up into the woods—indeed in some places for miles. What appears dry land is nothing but a Mangrove Swamp, the abode of sharks, alligators and birds of prey—the tigers, serpents, and wild boars keeping further up on dry land. Indeed the place is full of alligators. We could see them every day about the brig, as we lay at anchor, and once on shore I started 3 or 4 of them sunning themselves on the bank of the river, and I fired at them, but it had no more effect than if I had shot at the moon.

There is only one white man living at Turbo, the other 80 or 100 inhabitants are as black as the 'ace of spades.' The native Indians live wild and naked in the woods, and sometimes make their appearance in the village. This is about as much as I can tell you of Turbo, except that at some future day it is destined to become something of a place from its being the best place of anchorage at the mouth of the river—up which there is now a good deal of emigration going—and also from its possessing the large coal deposit, and any quantity of the India rubber tree, cedar, &c. On this point I hope to secure a slice of the fat things of the future, and did not care to go toiling up the river and in an unhealthy country for gold, where so much wealth existed at its mouth. There is no doubt however of there being immense quantities of gold up the River, and I believe a few years will see almost as great a rush there as to California.

Well from Turbo I came on in the brig to Aspinwall I had to wait a fortnight for the next steamer to New York. From Aspinwall to Panama (on the Pacific) there is a rail-road—distance 48 miles—and this is one of the routes from New York to California. This road, called the Panama rail-road, is now in full working order, and is one of the wonders of the world, one half of it is built on piles through swamps, and while in construction has perhaps been the grave of more men in proportion to those employed in building it, than any other place in the world. They say there is an Irishman buried for every sleeper on the railway, and as there are about 2000 sleepers to the mile, there would thus be 96 000 Irishmen buried there. People tell me there, this is no very great exaggeration. But besides that there are nearly as many Chinese, and a "pretty considerable number of Yankees" also. Considering these difficulties from sickness, and the cost of cutting through the high-lands, the road is a great wonder. I crossed over on it to the Pacific several times. Panama where the road terminates on the Pacific is an old walled Spanish built town, of about 12,000 inhabitants, and somewhat in the same style as Carthage. It

has however no harbour, and ships are obliged to lay off some 3 or 4 miles among the islands.

Aspinwall is a regular wooden Yankee built place, full of hotels, bar rooms, locomotives, fever and ague, and Jamaica negroes, and is one of the most awful holes for any body with nothing to do—to get into that you can imagine—almost every body invariably gets sick there, even in only passing through, and I was very lucky after being there for a fortnight to have escaped. However, I left on the 5th Feb'y. in steamer "St. Louis," and arrived here on the 14th. Coming so suddenly into this cold weather I have taken a desperate cold, and am now so hoarse I can hardly speak, but I hope that will pass off soon. The streets here are in an awful condition, almost in fact impassable from the immense quantity of snow that has fallen."

J. W.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

MRS. MARTHA A. VICKERY.

Daughter of David and Elizabeth A. Jenks, was born in the year 1831, and married on Nov. 22, 1855, to Mr. Bartlett M. Vickery. Having professed religion, she united with the Baptist Church at Parsboro', about five years ago. The labours of the Rev. Samuel Thomson were blessed to her conversion, and she was enabled by the "Spirit of Truth" to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith she was called. She died on the 17th of October, 1856, aged 25 years—after being confined to her bed six weeks, leaving a husband and infant daughter, six weeks old. By this dispensation Mr. Vickery has been bereft of a faithful and loving companion, and his child a kind and affectionate mother.

The Church of which she was a member, and the community at large—mourn her removal. In the midst of grief we are comforted, by knowing that the days of her mourning are ended—and that, "those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." During her last illness her faith was strong, and at her bedside, one seemed to stand on hallowed ground. Her mortal remains were committed to the dust, in the cemetery, at Parsboro', where a very appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. William B. King.

By giving the above a place in your valuable Messenger, you will oblige

DAVID JENKS.

EUNICE BECKWITH.

Died—At Cornwallis, on the 25th ult., after a long and most painful illness, Eunice, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Beckwith, in the 21st year of her age. The deceased was a member of the 1st Baptist Church in this place—and during the long and distressing sickness that terminated in death—she manifested undoubted evidence of unshaken confidence and faith in Christ. She was strengthened and cheered by the presence of her Saviour, as to be enabled to wait in cheerful hope the appointed change—and in the assurance of a happy entrance into her home above—meekly submitted to every arrangement of Providence. Her surviving mother and family have the best of all consolation, she whom they loved has gone to be forever with the Lord.—Com. by the Rev. A. S. Hunt, A. M.

MRS. MARGARET MCNEIL.

On Monday, October 6th, I accompanied my respected friend, Mr. Wm. McNeil, to Cavendish, to sympathise with the bereaved family of Mr. James McNeil, in the loss of a beloved mother.

Our respected sister, Mrs. Margaret McNeil, the wife of Mr. James McNeil, departed this life on Saturday evening, the 4th inst., aged 59 years and 11 months.

The deceased was a member of the Baptist Church at Cavendish, for a period of fifteen years. The last ten years of her life she has passed through deep waters of affliction; but the last two years have been marked by acute suffering, which she bore with christian patience, and resignation to her heavenly Father's will. She frequently expressed her desire, "To depart and to be with Christ." Her afflicted partner informed me, during the conflict at the last it might appear, that she was impatient to be released: so vehemently did she desire it. At length the final summons came, and at 6, P. M., "She fell asleep in Jesus."

On Monday, at 4, P. M., in connection with her nephew, I reached the house of mourning. Expecting the funeral would not take place until the following day. But, owing to circumstances, the friends were ready to convey her remains to the grave; which were attended by a large concourse of relatives and friends to