

Agriculture.

Hay Caps.

Hay caps do pay, and no mistake. Take four yards of yard-wide cottonsheeting, sew it together so as to make two yards square, hem the rough edges, turn up each corner two or three inches and sew it strongly, tie in a short strong twine to form a loop, and you have a hay cap ready for use.

Four sharp wooden pins, of hard wood, half an inch in diameter, eighteen inches long, to be thrust upward through the loops into the hay at the bottom of the cock, complete the preparation.

"Well, how do the hay caps work?" is the question on all sides. "Why don't they wet through, just as your cotton shirt does on your back?" The reason is, my friend, because they shed rain just as your cotton umbrella does. Or to be more precise, the principle of cohesive attraction at once unites two drops of water that touch each other into one, and the same principle conducts the water along the wet cloth to its lower edge. If the hay were very fine and very green so that the cloth would touch it at all points, it would doubtless take off much of the water, but coarse or partly dried hay is in contact with the cloth only at comparatively few points, and so the cloth conducts the water away, like the covering of a tent. Coarse clover will remain safe through a week's rain with such protection, while I have had fine hay which was cocked up green, injured by heating, not by water, in three days. On the whole, a farmer of moderate means, who cuts much coarse hay, cannot afford to be without some thirty or forty hay caps. He will save their value in one such season as this, or that of last year.—N. E. Farmer.

Rose Cuttings.

When is a good time to root rose cuttings, and how, and in what soil?

In the summer, choose a shady place—the north side of a wall or building is best, and prepare a soil from four to six inches deep, nearly all sand; pit sand will do. A frame and glass are desirable, although they will root in the open soil if kept moist and shaded from the sun. In selecting the cuttings, choose the short-jointed wood, usually that from which the flowers have recently fallen, taking a portion of the heel, or attachment to the larger shoot, with it. These being in what is called a half ripe state, remain green sufficiently long to enable the base to callous over, after which the roots are quickly produced; it may be known by its commencing to grow. The cutting is then a perfect plant, and ready for potting off. For a few cuttings, flower pots may be used, with bell or hand glasses to cover them. Those kinds which flower more or less all the summer, as China and Bourbons, strike very readily in the spring or fall, or indeed at any season; the hybrid perpetuals best perhaps after the midsummer flowering, while the last named are more usually propagated, as are also all kinds of June or summer roses, by layers in the spring, from the greater difficulty in the rooting them from cuttings. The cuttings should be inserted about half their depth in the soil.—Country Gentleman.

Novel Seed Planter.

By George A. Meacham, of New York city. This is a seed planting contrivance which is attached to the heel of one's boot, and is so arranged, that by the act of walking, the grain is dropped and planted in the ground. The seed is contained in a bag worn around the waist. A flexible tube conducts the seed down to the planting apparatus. Farmers may henceforth dispense with their cumbersome planting machinery. To plant their crops they will only need to slip on a pair of these magic boots, and leisurely walk over the soil. Horses' feet may be supplied with shoes of the same sort, and the animals become thus converted into four-legged, self-moving seed planters. Verily the march of improvement is onward!—Scientific American.

A VALUABLE RECEIPT.—The Journal de St. Quentin publishes a receipt for curing cattle of the fermentation produced in their stomachs from eating clover and other green food.—The remedy is a spoonful of ammonia, dissolved in a glass of water and administered to the animal. The cure, it states, takes place within an hour.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

ENGLISH MEMORANDA.

London, August 15th, 1856.

DEAR SIR, I have been gratified, in reading over the papers which last mail brought, to find that the Christian Messenger is so well informed as to events here, and possesses such late intelligence. When one reflects alone on the mere distance that separates your printing office from England, it seems incredible that the sheet held in hand should bring back again from so far, the record of events which hardly seem passed from those who gazed on or heard of them. Your general digest of European news is very good, and readers of the Messenger are very soon cognizant of most important English occurrences. Whatever may be the future of British America, whether or not, in some future reign and generation, she, like the United States, may cast off allegiance to the British Crown, and become one with the States or form a separate nationality; yet, this free intercourse serves now to knit together England and her colonies in a way that old Bostonians never dreamed of, and which might have settled the tea question in another way, had there been Messengers and readers. As your Correspondent, therefore, it becomes me to look well to it that my letters are up to the means of their speedy conveyance.

THE WEATHER AND THE SESSION.

Nothing is a more striking reflex of the times than a newspaper. Only recently, second and third editions were hawked out at street corners, large type announced "latest intelligence," and placards proclaimed startling events. Now, penny papers die from inanition, or languish consumptively: the "regulars" find space for elegant extracts, moral aphorisms, or paragraphs about "enormous gooseberries": even the Times condescends to review books, and hunt small fry.

But, then, the weather! A thermometer at 125 in the sun is a wonderful melter of political zeal; even dinners are below par, and a public meeting becomes a thing to guard against. Parliament is up; the season is over; Westminster is grim, silent, and deserted; seaside, mountain, and river, become "the cynosure of longing eyes"; these are the dog-days; and, in zephyr coats and straw hats, Englishmen doze and fan themselves.

Weather-wise savans say that the extreme heat is caused by a comet: one has been recently seen, having the appearance of a large oval, with a brilliant tail, the body red or fiery and the other portions pale blue. This celestial visitor is also affirmed to be the same as the one of 1556.

The weather seemed to affect even the session's last scenes. Disraeli undertook to sum up the Ministry; but it was a sham, and Lord Palmerston feared him not. Despairing fortune-hunters saw with dismay that the Treasury benches were safe till next session; and, with the usual speech (this time, given by commission) the members left St. Stephen's for the moors, and legislative misses for surer aims with choice Mantons.

The past Session has been one of talk and little else. Nearly all the Government measures were lost or abandoned. The Lord's Jurisdiction, Church Rates, and Bishop's Pension, were all slurs; it is difficult to name any really beneficial national measure that has passed; even the party battles were for no worthy stakes, for the opposition were afraid to take office while grumbling at those who held them, and the Premier lashed his forces up to a mark that just kept him in office but no more.

THE SPANISH COUP D'ETAT.

"Order reigns, and peace is established." But an old Roman poet wrote of those who "made a solitude and called it peace." O'Donnell, Marshall of Spain, victor over butchered fellow-countrymen and supreme tyrant for the time being, art thou such an one? Yes, "order reigns"—such order as suits a masquerade for license and a battue for blood—such order as barely skins over the intrigues of royal gambling. Spain is hushed because the hoof has pressed upon her breast and stifled her breath; but there will come a fearful day of retaliation. Unhappy country! distracted, torn, and bleed-

ing, her worst foes her own sons, who shall help her?

Curious eyes are turned to France, and the *Moniteur* becomes the imperial pulse in this matter. Himself the originator of a similar event, Napoleon is said to sympathize with his copyists: but there is doubt; and though a French army hovers near the Pyrenees, French intervention in Spain is too delicate a remembrance to prompt its hasty resumption. Most probably, like England, he will watch the game, but no more. There may be enough for him to do on his own side the boundary. Now that the Emperor has returned to Paris from the baths of Plombieres, where he has had leisure to concoct a policy at this ticklish juncture, a revolution of France's future must soon be made, and will have an important bearing on political movements.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

A morning paper states that Louis has issued strict orders to the Prefects of Departments, commanding them "in strict and positive terms to allow to all the Protestants within their respective districts the free and undisturbed exercise of their religion; desiring that he may hear no more of persecution of Protestants, and that they may never again be disturbed in their worship." The priests have the credit of insinuating Eugenie against the Protestants—which the Emperor discovering snubbed them accordingly. However this may be, when we reflect on the obligations of Napoleon to the priesthood all through his career, their influence on the masses, and the jealous care with which all such influences are watched, there is but little hope that Louis will risk a rupture with the clergy, for the sake of Protestants and religious liberty, or allow free scope to those opinions and practices which, followed out and promulgated, must show him and his, in dark contrast. Crush the Catholic clergy, he cannot nor dare try: neither is he the man to allow their intrigues to approach too closely his despotic power; therefore, like a skilful diplomatist, most probably he will alternately check and encourage, so as to preserve his position and their dependence. But whether they frown or smile—whether Cayenne and the Galles find a home for the *religieuses* or they live in Hotels—there is at least one principle on French soil beyond all control: it is truth; and before its resistless though silent course Emperors must become effete, and prescriptions empty sounds.

ITALY.

Austria still narrowly watches events, and concentrates her troops on dangerous quarters, especially upon Sardinia, which is a perpetual eyecore to her and other despots, who feel very nervous regarding that one free spot. Fearful that Bomba's atrocities will become beyond human endurance, and so provoke awkwardly wide spread revolution, Austria presses on that Nero of the South a milder policy, threatening, if the representations of Western Powers continue unheeded, to "oppose only a passive attitude to their ulterior proceedings." This makes even Bomba hesitate, and he appears swinging between innate obstinate cruelty on the one hand, and the adoption for a time of humanity contrary to his usual nature, on the other.

But there are dire whisps, first growing louder among even the lazzaroni—threatened, hounded populace, and extending into the army. The knowledge of sympathy, and at least diplomatic aid, from England and France, encourage the poor victims. Mazzini is not yet dead; there are unperishable memories of that classic soil in its inhabitant's thoughts; good men, and not alone fire-and-sword mad revolutionists, are secretly at work for their country's salvation. When the last drop shall overflow the cup, and human nature avenge itself, O Italy! land of fierce passion and glowing hearts, freedom, help thee amid thy throes!

RUSSIA AND THE PEACE TREATY.

Preparations for the Emperor's coronation proceed. We have sent Lord Granville as our representative, and Lord Granville takes Lady Granville, and Lady Granville takes the Duke of Devonshire's unrivalled collection of cameos and intaglios, made up specially for her use into forms the most adapted to astonish and bedazzle beholders; besides which are extraordinary plate, coaches, horses, and all other accessories for an ambassador. Turkey had

not a state coach grand enough for her representative, and ordered one at Paris; but as there was not time to make it, and one similar was just packed for the viceroy of Egypt, master came before man, the carriage was taken, and the viceroy made to wait! Prince Esterhazy, Austria's representative, is to be one blaze of diamonds, which family diamonds exceed in value the Esterhazy estates themselves! Blasphemously the Metropolitan of Russia will declare the pious Alexander deputed by Christ to wear the crown as a symbol of heavenly dominion, and hand over millions of subjects to his tender mercies.

Amongst other visitors which the peace has induced to visit Russia is none other than her late energetic foe, Sir Charles Napier. Modesty does not seem at all one of the gallant Admiral's failings, for he boldly went to the very Cronstadt which but recently he beleaguered. *Museovite* sarcasms are not wanting as to the ease with which he now entered, and the unfulfilled boasts of last cruise. Still he was unmolested, except by curiosity; and that proved so formidable a foe to his comfort that on one occasion the hero of Jean D'Acres fairly ran to escape. His visit was to gain information relative to the coast, &c., for a defence of his conduct in the Baltic, about to be published. His bluff round face must surely be coated with the brass of indomitable assurance.

Already Russia belies the intentions she expressed. An important island commanding the entrance of the Danube—the Isle of Serpents (fit name for Russian intrigues) was held in direct violation of the Treaty of Paris. Kara too, Mouravieff would not relinquish to the Turks. A British squadron was accordingly sent again to the Black Sea, to prove that the Allies were in earnest, and ready to enforce the Treaty. Russia then at last gave way; but she is busily reinforcing her navy, and providing a fleet of gunboats; while the railways, and "cultivation of her inland resources," so vaunted, are set aside. It is not disguised that there is a strong feeling against England; and we shall have to watch narrowly the slippery and deceptive Colossus lest again we be plunged into a more dubious and continued war.

Great as were our losses during the contest, Russia lost more. Sir A. Alison, the historian, in a lecture recently stated that out of 20,000 Imperial Guards who left Moscow for the Crimea, but 4,000 faced the foe, 16,000, or four fifths, having perished from want, disease, and fatigue. What a holocaust to the ambition of one crowned head does this single incident from thousand others portray!

Circassia is now reaping the effects of her non-agreement with the Allies. The Russians have occupied Anapa, and recommenced their war with the natives. Had Circassia done much for us, perhaps at Paris some clause in the Treaty might have done her good: as it is, she must do as best she can—and in the past she did much, unaided save but by her prophet-warrior Shamyl; from whom, however, Russian gold has apparently drawn the nerve that led on to conquest.

THE CRIMEA.

The Crimea is now vacated by all the Allies. Stores were sold off, hospitals and temporary cities removed, and the place found again that repose from which it was suddenly awakened to become for a time the theatre of scenes equal in importance and imperishable memory to Troy and Carthage. How will history in 1956 or 2056 represent these events—what links to the then present will it trace backward to Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol.

True to national character, the last Englishman on shore was—drunk! found snugly ensconced in a ditch, in inane oblivion, of his antecedents, present condition, and future danger. Homer and Virgil, I believe, were born in or near ditches. There future course, however, improved upon such denouement but how many men now-a-days reverse the story—begin well, and revert to the ditch at last! Stronger even than British arms are British liquors; and, in this case, our worst foes are "those of our own household."

The Nightingale has returned. Quietly, modestly she left those scenes which were once her cross and crown, and, concealing all her movements from public homage, returned home. But there are perfumes which, the more hidden, become the more fragrant. Such are Florence Nightingale's actions, whose memory will never die, but will ever be green.