

**Agriculture, &c.**

**Making Pickles.**

Will you oblige me, and perhaps many others, by giving in an early number of your paper, a good receipt for pickling cucumbers on a large scale, so that they will be certain to keep sound, and always ready for use.

Waverly, Luzerne Co., Pa.

Not understanding the mode of manufacturing pickles, we have consulted a notable housewife, who furnishes in substance the following directions:

Cut the cucumbers from the vine by means of scissors or a sharp knife, so as not to tear the end, as would be the case if merely plucked by hand. Wash them in cold water, and then lay them in the bottom of a barrel or jar, into which a layer of salt has been previously deposited, so that when successive layers of cucumbers and salt are made, the former will be imbedded in salt, the moisture which covers them tending to dissolve the salt, and convert it to brine. They may remain a long time in this condition—many keep them until sold in market. To finish the pickling process, take a quantity of good vinegar, but not too sharp, or it will destroy the texture of the cucumbers, and give it the flavor of spices, by placing equal quantities of cloves, red and black pepper in a bag, so as to give out half a teaspoonful of this mixture to a gallon of vinegar, both to be boiled together.—Then, having previously removed the pickles from the salt, and soaked them about eight or nine days in fresh water, changing the water each day, pour the hot vinegar, spices, pepper, bag and all, over the cucumbers, and in two weeks they will be ready for use. Some who make very sharp pickles, pour off the first vinegar, and make a second addition, keeping the first liquor for the next batch.

Probably the same process in substance is to be adopted on a larger scale. If any of our readers know a better mode, we should be glad to hear from them.—*C. ntry Gentleman.*

**OLD HORSES.**—The term old, as applied to horses, is generally intended to convey not only the statement of their age being past marks in the mouth, but also the common impression that comparatively they are of little value, it past eight or nine years. Now if we rightly understand it, the horse has not attained his full growth and perfection of bodily frame, until he has passed his seventh year; and until growth is attained, he is just as unfitted for extreme hard labor as a man before arriving at full manhood. In this country, the practice of putting horses to work at two and three years, usually results in their becoming broken down by over-driving or over-straining before they have attained firmness of muscle, and capability for enduring labor.—Thus it is, that horses are often, with us, rendered comparatively valueless before they have in truth arrived at an age of full powers of endurance. We have owned a number of horses, and whenever we had one that had not been injured before arriving at maturity, we have found him more capable of performing regular labor at from ten to fifteen, than those of four to seven years. In our opinion, therefore, judging from observation, we consider the horse in his prime at from nine to thirteen years of age, always remembering that previous to his having attained his growth, say at seven years, he has not been over-driven, strained, or otherwise injured by reason of high stimulating food or abuse.—*Ohio Farmer.*

**A NEW USE FOR APPLE.**—An English paper makes the following important statement:—"We are threatened with a cider famine, not from the failure of the apples, although a partial crop, but because they are likely to be applied to a more profitable purpose, so far as the growers are concerned, than in making a household beverage. It seems that the Manchester calico dyers and printers have discovered that apple juices supply a desideratum long wanted in making fast colors for their printed cottons, and numbers of them have been into Devonshire and the lower part of Somersetshire, buying up all the apples they can get, and giving such a price for them as in the dearest years hitherto known has not been offered. We know of one farmer in Devonshire who has a large orchard, for the produce of which he never before received more than £250, and yet has sold it this year to a Manchester man for £360. There can be no doubt that the discovery will create quite a revolution in the apple trade."

**FAST GROWING PORK.**—The New-England Farmer says: "We do not work our hogs, either in harness or on manure heaps. When they have taken their meals, and what exercise they please, they retire to a dry, roomy bed, lie down and grow and make a business of it. A man can overhaul the manure heap much cheaper than the hogs can. We slaughtered swine last Fall, made from pigs that weighed less than 36 pounds each eleven months before, and the hogs weighed, when handsomely dressed, from 450 to 475 pounds each!"

**TOMATO PICKLES.**—Slice green tomatoes and put them in salt and water for three or four days. Scald them in alum water; then place a layer in the bottom of a jar and sprinkle on a little sugar, allspice and cinnamon; put in another layer, and sprinkle as before, and so on until the jar is nearly filled, and then cover them with scalding cider vinegar.—*American Agriculturist.*

**Correspondence.**

**Varieties, from Truro.**

DEAR EDITOR,—

I do not know any more appropriate caption for this communication than the above.

And first of all we have had the opportunity of becoming enlightened in the mysteries of prophecy. The curtain which veiled the future has been lifted, so that with certainty, we might, if so disposed see behind the screen, and ascertain with exactness who are the actors, and what the action and the results, and have had pointed out the individual now in the world, who is certainly known to be appointed, in a given year, to be cast into the lake of fire! Prayer for his conversion, or any labour to effect it would surely be incongruous!

Many have been confident before, whom time, the great revealer of prophecy, has proved to be at fault. May it be our constant endeavour to discharge the present duty, "watching unto prayer."

But whatever may be the time of the second coming of Christ, he is in his providence visiting us, and has taken to himself, as we trust some of our number.

Mrs. John Moore aged 67, was called to her rest about the 3rd ult. Sister Moore has been for a number of years a member of the Onslow Church and when the church in Earltown was formed, she removed her membership to that Church, and subsequently again to the Church in this place. With each of these churches the writer was connected in the pastoral relation, while our sister was a member. Nearly twenty years acquaintance with her, confirms him in the belief that her faith and hope were the work of the Holy Spirit. Firmly convinced that it was the grace of God, that "made her differ" from those who loved Him not, she was always ready with humility to acknowledge it, and while she acknowledged the divine sovereignty, she loved the command that summoned to duty. The house of God and the ordinances of the Gospel were her delight, and though for about two years deprive, of these, grace sustained a the promises of the divine word held her up, and with confidence unshaken in her Saviour, she gladly exchanged earth for heaven.

Another, Sister John Cummings, has also been called from us. The profession of her faith was made with some fears and much self distrust, about three years since. But when disease marked her as a prey for death her faith gathered strength, and attained to a holy confidence. Her fear of death and all undue anxiety about the living, she had to leave behind, gave way to a calm, patient, joyful resignation to her Saviour's will. While friends fondly, yet faintly hoped she might recover, in the will of her Lord she found the rest of her spirit. "At evening time it was light."

A very distressing occurrence, accounts of which you and other journalists have already received, also took place among us, in the death by means of a gun-shot wound, of A. G. Archibald, son of the Attorney General, a very amiable youth of nearly fourteen years of age. Being early at the spot where the sad accident occurred, and assisting in conveying him to the house of his afflicted parents, and sitting at the bed-side until his youthful life ebbed away, and his spirit was removed from its earthly dwelling, a more impressive scene, I have seldom, if ever witnessed.—When first I looked at the wound, he asked "do you think it fatal?" "It may not be fatal—it is serious; but you must look at once to the Saviour, cast yourself upon him and seek his grace." "Oh that is what I am trying to do" was the ready response. And that Saviour whose grace he was trying to seek, we felt assured would not be withheld. Such counsel as we thought suitable was frequently offered, and from the occasional answers elicited, obtained the consoling hope, that the grace he needed and sought was found, and that the Saviour loved him and took him to rest with Him.

Disasters too, we have had. Three dry goods stores were consumed a few nights since, with some considerable part of the contents. The stores were I believe covered by a very fair insurance some parties however must loose, the fire is supposed to have commenced within the store of one of the losers, incendiarism is suspected by the parties, and a reward of One hundred dollars is offered to any one who will give information that will lead to the detection of the criminal.—How sad that there is room for such suspicion even—what evidence, the deed, of human depravity. How unlike the time when "they shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain."

I must not draw further on your columns.  
Yours truly,  
D. W. C. DUMOCK.  
Truro, Nov. 7th, 1861.

For the Christian Messenger.

**Scripture Illustrations.**

PROV. xix. 24.—*A slothful man hideth his hand in his bosom and will not so much as bring it to his mouth again.* The Arabs in eating their milk use no spoons. They dip their hands into the milk which is placed in a wooden bowl before them, and sup it out of the palms of their hands. Is it not reasonable to suppose the same usage among the Jews, and that Solomon refers to it when he says "a slothful man etc." Our translators render it the bosom, but the word every where signifies a pot or dish.

JOB xxix. 6.—*Washed my steps with butter.*—Chandler in his travels particularly observes that it was usual for men to tread on skins of cream in order to separate the butter from its more watery part. This article was sometimes made in very large quantities, on which account such a method might be preferred for expedition. This circumstance Mr. Harmer considers as a very natural explanation of the phrase "I washed my steps with butter."

MARK i. 6.—*He did eat locusts.* Much pains have been taken to prove that the locusts which are said to have been a part of John the Baptist's food, were the fruit of a certain tree and not the bodies of the insects so called, but a little inquiry after facts will fully clear up this matter, and show that however disgusting the idea of such kind of food appears to us the eastern nations have a very different opinion about it. Dampier informs us that the Indians of the Bashee islands eat the bodies of locusts, and that he himself once tasted of this dish and liked it very well. He also tells us that the Tonqueze feed on locusts, that they eat them fresh broiled on coals, or pickle them to keep, and that they are plump and fat, and are much esteemed by rich and poor, as good wholesome food either fresh or pickled. Shaw observes that the Jews were allowed to eat them, and that when they are sprinkled with salt they are not unlike in taste to our fresh-water cray fish. Ives informs us that the inhabitants of Madagascar eat locusts, of which they have an innumerable quantity, and that they prefer them to the finest fish.

PSALM xlii. 3.—*My tears have been my meat day and night.* It seems odd to an English reader to represent tears as meat or food, but we should remember that the sustenance of the ancient Hebrews consisted for the most part of liquids, such as broth, pottage etc.

ISAIAH xxix. 1.—*Woe to Ariel, to Ariel the city where David dwelt.* At Jerusalem vast quantities of flesh were consumed in their sacred feasts, as well as burnt upon the altar. Perhaps this circumstance will best explain the reason why the Holy City is called Ariel. According to the Eastern taste the term is applied in this sense, that is to places remarkable for consuming great quantities of provision, and especially flesh. "The modern Persians will have it" says D. Herbelot in his account of Shiraz, a city of that Country, "that this name was given to it because this city consumes and devours like a lion (which is called Shir in Persian), all that is brought to it by which they express the multitude, and it may be the good appetite of its inhabitants." The prophet pronounces woe to Zion, as too ready to trust to the number of its inhabitants and sojourners, which may be insinuated by the term Ariel which he uses.

MARK xiv. 3.—*And being in Bethany in the house of Simon the leper, as he sat at meat there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious, and she broke the box and poured it on his head.* Chardin describes the Persians as sometimes transporting their wine in buck or goat skins, which are pitched, and when the skin is good the wine is not at all injured nor tastes of the pitch. At other times they send it in bottles whose mouths are stopped with cotton, upon which melted wax is poured, so as quite to exclude the air. They pack them up in chests in straw, ten small bottles in each, sending the celebrated wine of Shiraz, thus through all the kingdom into the Indies, and even to China and Japan.

The ancient Romans used pitch to secure their wine vessels, (Horace Carm lib. iii. ode 8.)—This is sure to have been done according to one of the precepts of Cato. But though pitch and the grosser matter might be used to close up the wine vessels, those which held their perfumes were doubtless fastened with wax or some such cement, since they were small and made of alabaster and other precious materials, which would by no means have agreed with anything so coarse as pitch. To apply these remarks to the subject of this article it may be observed that Propertius calls the opening of a wine vessel, by breaking the cement that secured it, breaking the vessel.

Cur ventos non ipsa rogis ingratis petisti  
Cur nardo flammæ non duere meae,  
Hoc etiam grave erat nulla mercede hyacinthos,  
Injicere et fracta testa piare cado.

It cannot be supposed that Propertius meant that the earthen vessel should have itself been shivered into pieces, but only that its stopple should be taken out, to do which it was necessary to break the cement. Agreeably to this mode of expression we are doubtless to understand these words of Mark.

H. \*\*\*

[We have endeavoured to give the above communication as we suppose the writer intended it to be, but as he had written somewhat indistinctly, and, what is altogether against the law in a printing-office, the lines crossing each other, he must excuse our compositor, and not be surprised if his words are not all given perfectly correct.—Ed. C. M.]

For the Christian Messenger.

**Cape Canso.**

Dear Editor,—

After our long stay in the city, on my way here, during which ample opportunity was afforded to test the kindness and hospitality of our friends there, we left on Wednesday the 30th ult. About thirty hours sail brought us to our place of destination, and we were soon contrasting the cordial greeting of warm friends with the deathly sickness occasioned by a rough sea.

On Tuesday evening last, at the call of our good sisters of Canso, about 100 persons, old and young, of all the different denominations of the place sat down to a splendid tea, in a new building owned by Deacon A. N. Whitman, tastefully decorated for the occasion. Ample justice was done to the eatables. The tables were cleared off, and S. Whitman Esq. was called to the Chair. The evening was very pleasantly and I trust profitably spent in addresses, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music of a high order.

One part of the evening's entertainment consisted of a rare treat, which above all the rest made an impression on my mind that will not soon be effaced, viz. a beautiful little light, curly-headed girl of four years old played several airs on the melodeon with an off-hand correctness almost incredible.

As there was plenty of provision left for another tea, they adjourned their festivities to the next evening at a reduced ticket, especially designed for the children, when quite a number came together, of all ages, and enjoyed another social good time.

We repaired from the tea table to the house of God and spent a short time in prayer and praise, assisted by the Rev. A. W. Barss, who arrived here on a visit to his friends, and for the benefit of his health.

The object of the tea meeting was, to assist the ladies of Canso in the improvement of their mission house, of which the Rev. Dr. Hurd told us some four years ago. All praise to such liberal and energetic sisters, who undertook, and are going on to completion with such an object.

In the midst of these "poor times" the Committee realized the sum of about £13.

Yours truly,

T. H. PORTER.

Cape Canso, Nov. 7th, 1861.

For the Christian Messenger.

**Obituary Notice.**

JAMES CLARK JOHNSTON.

"For there is hush'd on earth  
A voice of gladness—there is veiled a face,  
Whose parting leaves a dark and silent place  
By the once-joyous hearth.  
A smile hath pass'd, which fill'd its home with light,  
A soul whose beauty made that smile so bright!"

"But there is power with faith!  
Power, e'en though nature, o'er the untimely grave  
Must weep, when God resumes the gem he gave;  
For sorrow comes of death,  
And with a yearning heart we linger on, [gone!]  
When they, whose glance unlock'd its fountains, are

The aged, even those who are strangers to the sustaining power of the Christian's hope, may sink peacefully, yea joyfully to rest; through weariness of the long and toilsome march of life. And many in the glory of their years may welcome death only as a release from pain or sorrow. Perhaps affliction after affliction, has crowded thick and fast around their pathway; until the last familiar voice is hushed in death; the last loving smile faded; till "Scared in heart and lone and blighted," nothing left except the lonely hearthstone, an irresistible longing takes possession of the heart, to lie down beside those loved ones; wrapped in that deep slumber from which none ever wake to weep. But when we see bright, joyous youth, before whose view bright visions of beauty and happiness are ever flitting, suddenly attacked by incurable disease, painful and of long continuance; ending in early death; all borne with the greatest cheerfulness; without a murmuring word, we must look beyond mortal weakness, even to that heaven-born principle which, looking beyond this chequered scene