

Agriculture, &c.

Summer Chickens.

Those who bring out chickens in April, or earlier, do it at the risk of making considerable loss, as that month is usually a cold, wet and windy one.

We copy the following article from the London Cottage Gardener, and think it worthy of attention by those who do not care to send chickens to market, but only to provide themselves with an annual stock.

There is an old proverb in some parts of the country that summer chickens never thrive. It runs thus in parts of Hampshire: "Chicks that are hatched when there's making of hay, will never grow up, but pine away."

All those who wish to rear poultry without much trouble choose the month of May for doing so. Sometimes a hen deserts a few days before hatching; sometimes she dies upon it. If we listen to the above tradition there is no remedy. But we believe there is, and a simple one; set more eggs, and be not deterred by fables.

Another large class of poultry breeders say they do not believe in the saying; but June is too late for chickens. Well, if you say it's too late, we say—prove it. The nights are shorter in June than in May; the weather is warmer.

Put the rip, with the hen into it, in a shady place, but near the sun. As in April you gladly turn it to the sun wherever you can find it, so in June turn it away. Let it be near covert for the chickens, shrubs, artichokes, pears, anything that produces shade and harbors insects.

CURIOUS PHENOMENON.

"How is it that you raise such large and nice onions?" I asked of an Iowa farmer, as I was sitting at table with him, and observing some on the table.

"Well," said he, "we sprout the seed with boiling water, and then plant it early and in good ground."

"Sprout the seed in boiling water?" I exclaimed, inquiringly. "What do you mean, sir, by that? Won't boiling water kill the seed?"

"Not at all," he replied; "but it will sprout them, in one minute's time."

"It will? It looks incredible," I replied, with surprise.

"Well, you try it," he replied, "when the time comes to plant, and you'll find it just as I tell you."

And sure enough, when spring came, and my neighbor was planting his onion seed, being present, I said:

"Jewell, last winter, there was a man in Iowa told me that to pour boiling water on black onion seed would sprout it in one minute. Suppose you try it?"

"Very well," said he. And taking the teakettle from the stove, he poured the boiling water on the seed, which he had in a saucer.

Looking closely at it for a moment, he exclaimed, "You have told rightly. Only look there."

I looked, and behold, the little sprouts about as large as horse hairs were shooting out of the opened ends of the seeds! He did not retain the water on the seed above three seconds, and in less than one-half minute after it was poured off, the sprouts were projecting from the seeds.

My Iowa friend assured me that this process would advance the growth of the onion two or three weeks beyond the ordinary method of planting without sprouting.

CHEAP SUMMER FEED FOR HOGS.

A correspondent of the Homestead gives the following as an economical manner of summer feeding hogs, practiced by one of his neighbors. We have practiced this plan for many years, and find it an excellent one.

A few rods of grass-plot convenient to the pen is reserved for this purpose, and is manured by the weekly suds from the wash-room. Com-

mencing at one side of the plot, a large basket of the thick short grass is mowed each morning while the dew is on, and a part given to the swine at each feeding, three times a day. By the time the last portion of the grass is cut, the first is ready to be cut again, and in this way the ground is mowed over many times during the summer, while the grass is kept short, thick, tender and sweet.

SCALDS AND BURNS.

The best, most instantaneous and most accessible remedy in the world, is to thrust the injured part in cold water, send for a physician, and while he is coming, cover the part an inch or more deep with common flour. The water gives instantaneous relief by excluding the oxygen of the air; the flour does the same thing, but is preferable, because it can be kept more continuously applied, with less inconvenience, than by keeping the parts under water.

FEEDING AND WATERING HORSES.—The following abridged observations of a French writer in the Journal d'Agriculture Pratique, are deserving the attention of all who have horses under their care: "The same quantity of oats given to a horse produces different effects according to the time they are administered. I have made the experiments of my own horse, and always observed there is a quantity of matter not digested, when I purposely gave them water immediately after a feed of oats.

A FOX-STORY.—One day last week a party of sportsmen belonging in this city and Boston went on a fox-hunting expedition to Chelmsford. On "Thanksgiving Ground" they ran a fox into his hole, and then commenced to dig for him. After working smart a number of hours, they came upon a nest of young foxes, not having their eyes open, one of which was brought away.

OLD AGE.—You will look long to find a better description of extreme age than the following, which is taken from a play written in the year 1860, by Nathaniel Lee:

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died, But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long.— Even wondered at because he dropt no sooner; Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years, Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more, Till, like a clock, worn out with eating time, The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Goldenville or Sherbrooke Diggings.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

As information from the different Gold bearing districts of this Province is looked for with interest by many of your readers, I shall notice a few facts respecting the present state of affairs here. During the past two or three weeks the excitement which previously induced many to take up claims in all directions, without due regard to their value for mining purposes, has subsided, and until the average value of the quartz is fairly tested, many of the claims will not be very extensively mined; but those whose claims have been proved to be remunerative are busily and profitably employed both in shafting and washing.

and reflects much credit upon its enterprising proprietor, Joseph Oulton, who is doing a good business and giving very profitable returns for most of the quartz crushed by him. There are three other crushers here owned by London, American and Nova Scotia Companies which will be located on the Diggings as soon as the roads are fit to convey the Machinery over.— When in operation, they will no doubt fairly test the value of all the quartz now raised, and establish the future value of all the leads now discovered. Many of the quartz leads here will no doubt be profitable if judiciously worked, but it requires time and experience to render quartz mining in a new country like ours remunerative.

The Government is making about 1 1/2 miles of road to the Diggings for which we say "the smallest favours thankfully received" but we regret that this 'favour' is so small as four or five miles of road must be built before many of the miners can be accommodated. It is truly distressing for them to be compelled to carry their hard earned quartz for miles on their backs over rocks, swamps and many other obstructions, for want of a suitable road.

The improvements both on the diggings and at our head quarters Sherbrooke are surprising. Wharves, stores, hotels and shanties are springing into existence in all directions as if by magic. I sincerely hope their enterprising proprietors will be fully remunerated. All Nova Scotians require is an opportunity, and their enterprise can not be questioned. The miners are for the most part, peaceful, industrious, temperate and enterprising Nova Scotians, and a class of men of whom any nation should be proud.

The heretofore quiet retired little village of Sherbrooke will, no doubt, soon be transformed into one of the most busy and flourishing towns of the Province, and the arrival of steamboats, coaches, express and private conveyances now throngs its beautiful street with strangers, all attracted hither by that powerful magnet—Gold.

As it has become the rule for your contributors to conclude their correspondence by offering advice, I will not be the exception, and would say to all who have a profitable business, do not relinquish it for the uncertainty of quartz mining. Those who are out of employment will here find an ample field for profitable speculation, and also plenty of hard labour which can be made remunerative by application and skill. A limited number of mechanics and labourers will find remunerative employment. We want any quantity of experienced quartz miners who will find profitable employment either by contracting for sinking shafts, or by mining on their own account.

I am fully convinced that this locality will be an extensive quartz mining district for all time to come. By judicious management, capital can be profitably invested in mining here. A new field for enterprise is being opened for Nova Scotia.

Yours respectfully, JAS. W. BIGELOW.

[From the Cor. of Philadelphia Presbyterian.]

Letter from Syria.

BEIRUT, April 8, 1862.

Messrs Editors,—The visit of a Pacha or a Prince to a Consul throws every member of a Consul's household into a state of excitement.— To see the servants rushing about, making preparations for the reception of His Highness, or His Excellency, as the case may be, you would think they had fallen into a species of insanity. When it was announced to the American Consul, the other day, that the Druse Prince was about to make him a visit, the groom, the cook, the housemaid, must all drop their respective employments, in order to get every thing in readiness for the proper entertainment of the Prince and his numerous attendants.

At last the tramp of many horses, and the tinkling sound of their trappings, denote the approach of the Prince and his attendants. The gate is opened wide for his entrance, and the beautifully wrought ornaments of his charger flash in the sun, and tinkle musically as the young Prince passes through a file of soldiers, janissaries, and servants, and alights with a good deal of grace at the door of the Consul's house. He little knows of the anathemas that moment heaped upon him by a woman standing a few paces off. I heard them; but, fortunately for the poor woman, he did not. She was one of the Deir-el Kour refugees, and a few days before had been relating to me how she had seen her brothers slaughtered by the Druses during the massacres, and how she shielded her brother's child in her clasped arms, and risked her own life to save that of the innocent babe for whose blood they were thirsting.

The Prince is a young, mild-looking man, wearing spectacles, prepossessing in appearance, and very agreeable. The white-bearded Pacha of Damascus had called on the Consul a few days previously, and on the Prince taking leave, the Consul was in momentary expectation of receiving the same sort of affectionate salutation he had received from the Pacha, who, on taking leave, kissed him on each cheek, and embraced him.

The Beirut literary meetings are still well attended, and the transactions of the last deserve a more than passing notice. The lecture, which was a very fine one, and the leading feature of the meeting, was delivered by Dr. R. G. Barclay, the subject being chemistry. On entering the door of the immense marble-paved hall in which the meeting took place, the spectacle which presented itself was no ordinary one. The lecturer stood at a table in the centre of this beautiful hall, and ranged on the table were the contents of his laboratory, which the lecturer had brought thither for the purpose of illustrating his lecture with experiments.

Among the jars of gases, minerals and other objects of this nature, with which the table was crowded, stood an electrical machine, and all the Arabs were eager to take a shock. At last, every thing being in readiness, they were gratified. Then came the ejaculations of surprise at the wonderful workings of this singular thing called electricity. They showed their astonishment in various ways. Some fled from the table in terror, some gazed in mute astonishment, and others uttered their belief that Franks knew every thing, and could do every thing.

Rhamadan is over now, and has passed without many of the usual demonstrations of fanaticism on the part of the Moslems. I was witness, the other day, to an instance of this kind, which was, fortunately, very harmless in its nature.— A little Christian boy dropped his ball, which a Moslem picked up and kept. The child screamed at a great rate, and demanded his ball; but the Moslem told him he should not have it until he said he was not a Christian, but a Moslem; on which the boy said, "Ana Muslem" (I am a Moslem)—and got his ball.

The Sultan lately sent the Mohammedans of Beirut a present of three hairs of Mohamet's beard, which were paraded about the streets, guarded by soldiers, and accompanied by throngs of people and music, and finally deposited in a mosque.

The murder of the Rev. Mr. Coffing, an American missionary, near Alexandretta, has thrown a great gloom over the missionaries here. Mr. Johnson, the American Consul of this place, has just gone in a French ship of war to Alexandretta, to arrest the murderers and have them punished. I shall be able to give further particulars in my next letter.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notice.

MRS. NATHAN THURBER,

Died at West Port (Long Island), 16th April, Bethiah, the beloved wife of Brother Nathan Thurber, Deacon of the Baptist Church. Aged 34.

Our departed sister was brought to the knowledge of Jesus and baptized in early life, and during her short career exhibited the features of christian character in a marked manner. As the mother of a family she endeavoured to instill into the minds of her children the principles of divine truth, exercising a maternal discipline not only over their actions but also their words. As a wife she was ever a help-meet to her husband, who mourns her death, encouraging him to persevere in the path of holiness and consistency. As a member of the Church she was sensible and stable, not diverted from the truth, but maintaining her relations to the Church with great consistency. During her illness her soul rested on Christ as her only hope. From time to time she would talk calmly of her departure to be with Jesus. The reading of the fourteenth chapter of Job by her husband gave her, on one occasion when her mind was depressed, much comfort; the 14th verse especially caused her to rejoice in God her Saviour. Her remains were followed to their last resting place by a large congregation.—The occasion was improved from Job xiv. 14, "If a man die shall he live again."—Communicated by Rev. Mr. Hall.