

Agriculture, &c.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Growing of Meadow Grass.

AN ENQUIRY.

Mr. Editor,—

The subscriber and others are anxious to learn the method of growing meadow grass with water. If you or some of your correspondents would inform us through the Messenger with reference to the proper season for flowing and how long to keep the water on, it would much oblige

January 5th, 1863,

Being desirous of getting the information for our Correspondent which he asks, we sent his question to John King, Esqr., of Onslow, with a request that he would favor us with the result of his experience. We have to tender our acknowledgments to our friend for the following

REPLY.

Onslow, Feb. 20th, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER,

Yours of the 12th inst. come duly to hand, and in reply I beg to say that I fear you have chosen the wrong man to give you the information required, as I have had but little experience in that way, but of the little I have had, I cheerfully give you and your correspondent the benefit.

First, I would observe, that the proper time to let on the water depends very much on the nature of the soil, and the kind of water used to flow the meadow. The only time this can be safely done, is on a dry marsh or land intended to be flowed by the sea, in the winter, when the soil is sufficiently frozen to prevent the water from penetrating it, when that can be done the sediment left will prove highly beneficial to the crop for several years. If it is fresh meadow and you intend to flow with fresh water, the water should not be let on before the middle of April, nor allowed to remain on after the fifteenth of May; or if the spring is early, the first week of May for the following reason: if flowed too early the water will freeze to the soil and destroy the roots of the grass and injure the crop of the next season; and if left on too long it will be equally injurious, the heat of the sun acting on the water and scalding the grass, which will be a serious injury to the succeeding crop. When the subsoil is a tenacious clay calculated to retain the water and prevent it from passing downward, meadow lands should never be overflowed. The same may be said of boggy soil, as the water will remain so near the surface as to destroy the roots of the grass, or in other words drown them; but when the subsoil is sand or gravel nothing can be more beneficial, particularly if the water flows from off lime or plaster lands, or from marl or clay soils, and if the meadow intended to be flowed is in such a situation, that the wash of the barn or stables can mingle with it, it would be still better for the ensuing crop. Indeed I have known several farmers who have succeeded in obtaining splendid crops of hay for a number of years, by taking advantage of small brooks passing through their meadow to flow them, and in the heat of summer diverting the water in small channels to different parts of the meadow.

I am Dear Brother, yours truly.

JOHN KING.

[From the London Gardener's Chronicle].

Nova Scotia Apples.

Our readers, and the visitors to the recent fruit-shows of the Royal Horticultural Society, cannot have forgotten the surpassing beauty and equal excellence of the Apples communicated by the great colony of Nova Scotia. Certainly nothing like them had been previously seen at any public exhibition in this country. The other day we received a box of similar fruit, packed in a manner that deserves to be made known.

A wooden box was filled with trays, each 2 feet long, 18 inches wide, and 5 inches deep, divided by partitions into spaces 4 inches wide. These trays had a layer of dry ground plaster of Paris strewed over the bottom; on this layer the apples were placed in a single row; more plaster was carefully filled in between the apples, and the whole was covered with about an inch of plaster well shaken down, so that the fruit became immovable. Packed in Halifax on the 9th of Jan., the box arrived on the 25th. Upon being opened the fruit was found to be in the most beautiful preservation, both as to appearance and quality. The plaster having been perfectly dry, no decay from moisture or fermentation was possible, and a soft brush removed it easily.

Could not our fruiterers take advantage of this experiment? We should think that such admirable fruit as that from Nova Scotia arriving be-

fore Christmas would fetch a high price in the market. At all events private individuals could open a communication with the fruiterers of Halifax, N. S., for their own supply; as our London can produce nothing like it.

For this highly interesting communication we have to express our thanks to R. HALIBURTON, Esq., of Halifax, who, upon the representation of the Rev. G. HONEYMAN, the distinguished Geologist to the Government of Nova Scotia, took upon himself the trouble of having the fruit despatched. We are also indebted to the kindness of Mr. JOSEPH KAYE for the specimens, which had been produced in his orchard. When there shall have been arranged a regular supply of the choicest Nova Scotia fruit to the English markets, it will be interesting to call to mind the names of those gentlemen to whom so gratifying a result will have been owing.

Temperance.

For the Christian Messenger.

Anti-Tobacco.

DEAR SIR,—

I am meditating an article for the Messenger on tobacco myself, as I am determined to wage war with it whenever I have an opportunity. I addressed the Halifax Temperance Society last Saturday evening, and I took for my text "Tobacco and Rum." I have reason to believe that my address was well received, and I have been told since that one man has thrown away his pipe in consequence. I believe we have all been guilty in this matter. The amount of money wasted in this province on this pernicious deadly poison, would in a few years build the Intercolonial Railroad and support on a large scale all our Benevolent Institutions, and the amount of misery saved to the people would be worth the money fourfold. It is quite time Ministers and Editors ceased to be dumb on this subject! Shame on us that it can scarcely be discussed seriously in our Associations. How must angels weep and demons laugh, when they see that this soul and body destroying vice, cannot be touched upon in an assembly of grave divines without producing such emotions of the ludicrous as to make the thoughtless multitude believe that smoking and chewing are very innocent pastime, and opposition to these customs, merely got up for a frolic. Can we wonder that heaven frowns upon us as a people, and as a denomination! Can we wonder at the blight that has come on us, or at the hardness and insensibility that cannot perceive it. The enclosed has been sent me by a good sister in for examination. I cheerfully forward it, and ask you to insert it.

Yours truly,

A TOBACCO-HATER.

PRAYER FOR COLLEGES.

The day set apart for prayer in behalf of Colleges, is attended to by some of the Churches, and by others overlooked, or forgotten altogether. But there is a portion of every community who are not likely either to forget the day, or to neglect to mingle their aspirations with the cloud of incense going up to the throne of the Eternal: namely mothers.

How seldom does the busy student pause to consider how much he is indebted to a mother's prayers, or even when there comes a whisper to his spirit warning him of some dangerous precipice, does he think that his mother, true to her maternal instincts, is impressed with a foreboding of danger; and although many miles removed from the object of her solitude, by a kind of magnetic influence, keeps him apprized of danger. Oh happy youth! who attends to a wise mother's counsels, and who is followed by a mother's prayers! For he may rest assured there are none who has had his welfare so much at heart. Napoleon said of France, "what it wanted was mothers." I would say to Acadia College: "It wants more praying mothers."

But there is much, very much, needed besides, ere our sons can go forth from her walls. Noble men in the loftiest sense of that word, to battle with the surging billows of life. College life is proverbially fraught with temptation, and many a mother and father too, has had sad misgivings as they saw their sons go forth from home, and its influences, to learn much that is evil and sinful.

"If you go through College without learning to smoke," you will be the first—said a pious friend to her relative. And is it so? Are we to send our boys to Institutions of learning, to form pernicious habits, the effects of which will follow them to the grave? habits which are ruinous to body and soul? For "fleshy lusts war against the soul." We are happy to know that there have many useful, noble men, gone forth from the walls of Acadia, to fill honorable stations in the world and in the church. But alas!

we know too that some have lost their health and life from the effects of habits contracted while there. May every christian man and woman left up their cry to God for our young men, that that they may not become slaves to pernicious habits and vices, and that those who have the charge of them, may awake to the solemn responsibility resting upon them; that both by precept and example, they may show themselves worthy of imitation. We are sorry to say that our warnings are sometimes met with the reply "some ministers smoke." And sometimes they gravely tell us that they cannot study without some stimulant. Verily we have heard of the theme or oration, smelling of the "lamp," but it seems that in these days of progress they must smell of tobacco-smoke. Of what use are brilliant talents, and lofty genius, if they fall a sacrifice to the demoralizing influence of tobacco? If I am rightly informed it was formerly among the prohibitions put in the students' rooms. Let us pray that they may go back to this rule. Onward! be our motto, not "retrograde." Is there any picture so appalling, any sight so sad, as fallen greatness? We do not find the drunken, tobaccoized sot, in the poor weak brained ignorant labourer only, alas! no, the history of the pulpit and the bar teach us that lofty genius, large brain, mighty intellect, have been lost, lost on account of small beginnings. The young man who smokes once or twice a day, when he goes to College, thinks probably that he will leave it off by and by; but ere he is aware he has become a slave. Just so with his twin vice, drinking. Who when he first takes the fatal glass, means to be a drunkard? yet the sad end of many a moderate drinker goes to confirm the fact that there is safety only in flight. From these and all other dangers and vices may God in mercy keep the Students and Professors of Acadia College.

MATER.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Autobiographical Sketch.

By REV. CHARLES TUPPER, D. D.

Chapter I.

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

No. 1.

It may be of some interest to trace the descent of my father's family from the first man of the name who emigrated from England to America. My information on this subject is derived from Rev. Frederick Freeman's History of Cape Cod. (See Vol. pp 127, 299, 568, 697-699).

It appears that Mr. Thomas Tupper, who had previously come to Lynn, then called Saugus, removed thence to Sandwich, on Cape Cod, Mass., April 3rd, 1637. At one time he was a Member of the Select Court there. While the Church at Sandwich was destitute of a Pastor, he and Mr. Richard Bourne "conducted public services on the Lord's day." When a Pastor was obtained, they both turned their attention to the Indians in adjacent places, as Missionaries. Their labors were crowned with success. Mr. Tupper succeeded in gathering a Church among the Indians at a place called Herring Pond, and a meeting house was built there—supplied with a succession of ministers by the name of Tupper. Of these particular mention is made of Rev. Elisha Tupper, born in 1707, and a great grandson of the first Missionary of the name.

This man, who was probably the progenitor of all the Tupper's in North America, died March 28, 1676, at the advanced age of 98 years and 2 months. His son Thomas, born Jan. 16, 1638, married Martha, daughter of Thomas Mahew, Governor of Martha's Vineyard and the neighboring Islands. Their son Eliakim, 1st, was born Dec. 29, 1681. His son Eliakim Tupper, 2nd, who was my grandfather, was born June 20, 1711. He married Mary Bassett March 28, 1734. After the birth of their first child, William, July 6, 1735, they seem to have removed to Plymouth, Mass. as Rev. Mr. Freeman informs me by letter, that he finds a record of the births of five of their children on the Town Records of that place. The last of these is that of my father, Charles Tupper, who was born August 19, 1748. My grandfather subsequently resided some years in Connecticut; whence he emigrated to Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, in 1763.

My mother, whose name originally was Elizabeth West, was born on the Island of Martha's Vineyard, February 9, 1754. Her parents, William and Jane West, were also among the first emigrants that settled in Cornwallis in the year 1763.

My parents were married Oct. 24, 1771. They had ten sons and four daughters. Of this numerous family only three, William, Wealthy, and Charles, are now living.

I was the 12th child, and was born in Cornwallis, Aug. 6, 1794.

My memory does not extend back to so early a period of my life as does that of some persons. Undoubtedly, however, there are instances in which individuals imagine that they remember what they have only heard frequently related by others. One case of this kind may suffice for illustration. My father's house was burned when I was about two years of age. An older member of the family asked me, some years after, if I could remember the burning of our house. I confessed that I could not. My brother Nathan expressed surprise at this, and said he could remember it. But he was not born when it occurred.

The first event that I can remember distinctly must have transpired in the early part of year 1799, when I was about four years and a half old. It was adapted to make a deep impression on my memory, as it certainly did upon my head. An older brother and I perceived that a log of wood, drawn up for fuel, had a cavity in the middle of it. We were anxious to ascertain if this contained anything peculiar. While he was engaged in cutting into it, my curiosity prompted me to approach so near, in order to see what was within, that I received a full blow from the sharp axe on the top of my head. So deep was the incision, that it caused an abiding ridge or protuberance. I remember to have heard my mother justly remark, in a period long subsequent, that should I be found dead, and my countenance be so changed that I could not be otherwise identified, this would furnish a distinct mark. It is palpable at this day. This very narrow escape from the stroke of death, has often reminded me of my obligation to devote a life so marvellously preserved in the midst of imminent peril, to the service and glory of that gracious Being "who holdeth our soul in life." The circumstance may likewise serve for a caution to the young, the unwary and the curious.

One of the next events of which I have a distinct remembrance, is that of seeing and hearing the late Rev. Edward Manning preach in my father's house. I noticed especially his extraordinary stature—six feet four inches in height, and well proportioned—and the unusual length of his arm, as he stretched it forth. His recital of our Lord's charge to Peter, "Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep," particularly attracted my attention. Surely none could have then anticipated that this man of God would subsequently give me a similar charge, as he did in effect at the time of my ordination.

On the day in which I was five year old my brother William induced me to eat a raw potato, in order that I might remember that birth day. This was probably an unusual expedient; but it had a good effect. It led me to take pains to remember transpiring events. Thoughts which passed through my mind on that day are still vivid in my recollection. Looking at my mother, I regarded her as a very aged person. It seemed to me that it would be almost an endless space of time before I would be as old as she then was. Though I am now twenty three years older, as she was then forty five, yet I do not seem to myself near so aged as she then appeared to me. My years have flown away with astonishing rapidity. So true is Dr. Young's representation of this subject, especially as it respects persons in early life.

"Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit as with age,
Behold him when passed by; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?"
Trenton, Aylesford, Feb. 5th, 1863.

For the Christian Messenger.

Indian Names.

MR. EDITOR,—

I promised a friend at Paradise, Wilmot, some time ago, that I would furnish him the Indian name of that place, and also offer a few suggestions on the subject of Indian names. Having a leisure half hour I will endeavor to redeem that promise.

The Indian name of the Annapolis River, is Tay-wopsk. To pronounce it correctly, you must pronounce it exactly as spelled, and as though there were an accent on both syllables. There can be no difficulty in the first syllable, the ay is sounded as in day, say, hay. There can be no trouble in wop and a little practice will attack the additional sounds of sk-wopsk. It signifies "Running out between high rocks," but to translate its expressiveness you must find one English word that conveys all that in two syllables.