

South Western Baptist.

WILLIAMS, CHILTON & ECHOLS, Proprietors.

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WILLIAMS, CHILTON & ECHOLS,
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POETRY.

THE THREE VOICES.

What saith the past to thee? Weep!
Truth is departed;
Beauty hath died like the dream of a sleep,
Love is faint-breathed;
Tribles of sense, the profoundly unreal,
Scare from our spirits God's holy ideal,
So, as a funeral bell, slowly and deep,
So tolls the past to thee? Weep!

How speaks the present hour? Act!
Walk upward glancing;
So shall thy footsteps in glory be traced,
Slow, but advancing.
Scorn not the equalness of daily endeavor,
Let the great meaning enable it ever;
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain,
Work, as believing that labor is gain.

What doth the future say? Hope!
Turn thy face seaward!
Look where light fringes the far-rising slope,
Day cometh onward.
Watch, though so long I the twilight de-
laying,
Let the first anbeam arise on thee praying;
Fear not, for greater is God by thy side,
Thou art armies of Satan against thee allied.
Home Journal.

SABBATH EVENING AT HOME.
When Sabbath bells have ceased their sound,
And the hours of day are past,
And twilight draws its curtain round,
And shadows gather fast,
There is one spot, and one alone,
Round which our hearts must cling,
And fondest memories, one by one,
Their choicest treasure bring.

That spot is home; its sacred walls
Admit no discord then;
Nor crowded marts, nor festive halls,
Nor gayest haunts of men,
Cannot a joy impart so pure—
None such to them is given;
Might joys like these for age endure,
This earth were quite a heaven.

I've wandered far 'mong other bowers
Than those my childhood knew,
With hope of gathering fairer flowers
Than in those gardens grew;
Yet in the cold world's earnest throngs,
Mid its dim and stormy strife,
Affection turns to scenes and songs
Of my young and joyous life.

Home's well-loved group: its Sabbath song,
Its tunes I seem to hear;
Though borne full many a league along,
They come distinct and clear.
O Sabbath night! O treasured home!
From pride of memory's train—
And thoughts of yea, where'er I roam,
Shall bring my youth again.

The House of our Pilgrimage.

"The house of my pilgrimage!" How appropriate this language to every dwelling place of man. We may deem ourselves but sojourners, in respect merely to the present life. From that paternal mansion on which our infant eyes first opened, and where all, to the apprehension of childhood, seemed stable as the hills around it, how soon passed we forth. Beneath another roof tree we slept, through other windows gleamed the light of opening day. By the old hearthstone, where at eventide, the dear household loved to gather, silence and desolation reign now, or only the voice of strangers is heard. As years have passed away, change has succeeded change; new homes have been found, and newer still have been sought. What wanderers have we ever been—how, in our greatest permanency, like those who tarry but for a night. Or if some of us—the rare exceptions in a congregation like this—have thus far been mainly stationary; we know not what the morrow may bring forth. We may be called, like the traveller over the desert, or the Nomad of the east, to strike our tents, as it were, and hasten onward to another of the resting places in the journey of life. Nay, had we but one home for a life-time, yet in view of eternity—so near to us, so soon to be our dwelling-place—we should still seem to ourselves but strangers and pilgrims here. We might still say, "Here have we no continuing city." Though three-score years and ten be the measure of life, or if by reason of strength it be four-score years, yet few as well as evil are its days. They are as a shadow, "and there is none abiding." He, who but as yesterday was a prattling child—the intervening changes in passed as a dream of the night—comes now, "from the house of

his pilgrimage," an old man upon his bier to his last resting place.
Unstable are all things around us, and brief a life is; how happy are they who have hid hold joyfully and firmly upon the permanent things of eternity! Their earthly habitation may be ever so temporary, but amidst its decays, or the farewells with which they leave it, they can say unto God, "Thou art our dwelling place." The world may pass away, and the lust thereof, or they themselves may be called away from earth, but the "word of God will stand forever."
While all else is but shifting sand, that is an unyielding rock beneath their feet. As the world comes to his dying hour, he can think of mirth that has been folly, and of laughter that has been madness. Songs he may have listened to, or have uttered, whose harmonies seem as discords, whose echo falls now on the ear as the death knell of his soul. But thrice blessed is the man who can truly say as the shadows of life's evening are opening around him, and the scenes of the spirit-world are opening to his view—"Thy statutes have been my song in the house of my pilgrimage."—*Rev. Dr. Smith*

Monroe and Rev. Dr. Rich'd Furman.

The following anecdote of the late Dr. Furman, of South Carolina, may have been in your mind, but we do not recollect to have seen it in any paper in which it was recently related to us by one who was long an intimate friend of his, whose name we would like to give, were it necessary.

At the close of one of the first sessions (if not the very first) of the Baptist Triennial Convention, Dr. Furman stopped, on his way home, in the city of Washington, where he took private lodgings; but finding an acquaintance in company with Mr. Monroe, then a member of the Cabinet, he was introduced to that functionary as "Mr. Furman, of Charleston." Col. Monroe, in taking his hand, remarked, thoughtfully, as if trying to recall something, "Furman! Furman, of Charleston! The name and the countenance seem familiar.—May I enquire if you were once of the High Hills of Santee?" said Colonel Monroe. He was answered affirmatively. "And were you the young preacher who fled for protection to the American camp, on account of the reward which Lord Cornwallis had offered for his head?" "I am the same," said Dr. Furman. Their meeting was now deeply affecting, and Colonel Monroe could hardly let him go, and did not till he related to distinguished bystanders the circumstances to which he alluded. It seems young Furman was not only an enthusiastic Baptist preacher, but an ardent advocate of rebellion, and everywhere, on stumps, in bars, as well as in the pulpit, prayed, and preached resistance to Britain and alarm to the Tories. Urged by the latter, Lord Cornwallis, who had been made aware of his influence and daring, offered a thousand pounds for his head. Ascertaining that the Tories were on his track, young Furman fled to the American camp, and acted as chaplain to the army, whom he reassured by his prayers and eloquent appeals, inasmuch that it was reported Cornwallis made the remark, that "he feared the prayers of that godly youth more than the armies of Sumter and Marion."

Colonel Monroe related these particulars with much feeling and enthusiasm. Dr. Furman was now so much of a lion in the national capital that he prepared to leave immediately; but Monroe would not let him go, but made an appointment for him to preach in the Congressional Hall. In vain did the quiet minister disclaim his abilities as a court preacher. The appointment was given out. All the elite, the honorables and notables of the metropolis were there, including the President, Cabinet, Ministers, Foreign Ambassadors, etc.; for his early adventures and eloquence had been noised abroad. In the midst of that crowded assembly, the clarion voice of Furman rang out as it had once done in the camp of his countrymen. He seemed to feel at home, as among the High Hills of Santee, where he first put the trumpet of the gospel to his mouth. His text was characteristic: "And now, why tarriest thou? Arise, and be baptized." Acts xxii. 16. He had great liberty, and riveted the attention of his audience, not only by his commanding eloquence, but the "spirit of power" sent down from the throne. The earnestness and plainness with which he "rebuked the nobles and the rulers" were enough, like Nehemiah of old and the first Baptist, to startle his time-serving and conscience-stricken hearers. He paused in the last sentence of his peroration, and surveying for an instant the scene before him, as he stood upon the grand climax of his appeal, and while all was as still as the grave, uttered, with the utmost effort of a clear, stentorian voice, "And now, why tarriest thou? Arise! and be baptized."

At the word "Arise," not a few of his august but electrified auditors did rise from their seats, as if alarmed at their past sinful sluggishness. Monroe, who soon after became President, ever retained the greatest veneration for Rev. Dr. Furman.—*Christian Secretary.*

Which wilt thou Choose?

Behold, sinners, we are sent as the messengers of the Lord to set before you life or death. What say you?—Which of them wilt thou choose? Christ standeth, as it were, by thee, with heaven in the one hand and hell in the other, and thee thy choice. Which wilt thou choose? The voice of the Lord thine rocks to tremble. And is it not to hear him threaten thee if thou dost not turn? Dost thou not understand and feel his voice, "Turn ye, turn ye, will ye die? It is the voice of love, of the best and kindest friend, as thou might easily perceive by the motion; and yet dost thou neglect it? It is the voice of pity and compassion. The Lord seeth what thou art going better than thou dost, what makes him call after thee, "Turn, turn." He seeth what will become of thee, if thou turn not. He thinketh with him, "Ah! this poor sinner will cast him into endless torments if he do not turn. I must in justice deal with him according to my righteous law." And therefore he call-eth after thee, "Turn, turn."—*Rev. Dr. Smith*

Moreover, this voice that calleth to thee is the same that hath prevailed with thousands already, and called all to heaven that are now there; and they would not now for a thousand worlds that they had made light of it, and not turned to God. Now what are they possessing that turned at God's call?—Now they perceive that it was indeed the voice of love, that meant them no more harm than their salvation; and if thou wilt obey the same call thou shalt come to the same happiness. There are millions that must forever lament that they turned not; but there is never a soul in heaven that is sorry that they were converted.

Well, sirs, are ye yet resolved, or are ye not? Do I need to say any more to you? What will you do? Will ye turn, or not? Speak, man, in thy heart to God, though you speak not out to me; speak, lest he take thy silence for denial; speak quickly, lest he never make thee like offer more; speak resolutely, and not waveringly, for he will have no different ones to be his followers. Say in thine heart now, without any more delay, "By the grace of God I am resolved to turn. And because I know my insufficiency, I am resolved to wait on God for his grace, and to follow him in his ways, and forsake my former courses and companions, and give up myself to the guidance of the Lord."

Sirs, you are not shut up in the darkness of heathenism, nor in the desperation of the damned. Life is before you, and you may have it on reasonable terms, if you will; yea, on free cost, if you will accept it. You may have Christ, and pardon, and holiness, if you will. What say you? Will you, or will you not? If you say nay, or say nothing, and still go on, God is witness, and those who hear me are witnesses, and your own consciences are witnesses, how fair an offer you had this day. Remember, you might have had Christ and would not. Remember, when you have lost it, that you might have had eternal life as well as others, and would not; and all this because you would not turn.—*Baxter.*

THE ONE CHERISHED SIN.—Often from my window have I observed on the seashore a little boat at anchor. Day after day and month after month it is seen in the spot. The tides ebb and flow, yet it scarcely moves. While many a gallant ship spreads its sails, and catching the favoring breeze, has reached the haven, this little bark moves not from its accustomed spot.

True it is when the tide rises, it rises—but when it ebbs again it sinks; but advances not. Why is this? Approach nearer, and you shall see. It is fastened to the earth by one slender rope.—There is the secret. A cord scarcely visible enchains it and will not let it go. Now stationary christian, see here your state—the state of thousands. Sabbath after state and go, but leave them as before; ordinances come and go; means, privileges, sermons, move them not—yes they move them a slight elevation by a Sabbath tide, again they sink; but no heavenward movement. Some one sin enslaves, enchains the soul, and will not let it go. Some secret, unseen, allowed indulgence drags down the soul, and holds it fast to earth. If it be so, snap it asunder, make one desperate effort in the strength of God, and you will be safe.

Why Weepst Thou?

Truly the world in which we live is a vale of tears. To find woman, a wife and mother, in sorrow, is no uncommon sight for those to witness who are engaged in the monthly distribution of tracts. Many an afflicted one would weep alone, with no friend to say, "Why weepst thou?" or to share with them in their tears were it not for the timely call of the tract visitor. The following fact will illustrate the above statement:

As the visitor entered a basement room, he was met by a woman whose downcast look indicated that there was trouble within her breast. Upon the reception of the tract, the title of which was, "Do you want a Friend?" she burst into tears. She was asked why she wept. When sufficiently recovered from weeping, she told the visitor the cause of her sorrow. It appeared that she had been deserted by him who had pledged himself to be her companion through life. She had an only son. Since her husband's departure she had set all her heart's affection on him. She began to feel reconciled to her lot, but alas! he took sick. With deep emotion she watched the progress of disease, until death had sealed his lips in silence. The mother's heart was filled with anguish. She had just returned from the newly dug grave in which had been deposited all her hope and her joy. Here, then, was a stricken heart. In reply to the conversation of the visitor, she said she had but one wish now, and that was, to be permitted to die by the side of her dear husband. She was reminded of the promise to her, "I will be with thee, and will comfort thee." She was comforted, and the God of all comfort. The visitor was invited to call again, which invitation was accepted. Again and again she was urged to bow in submission to Him who doeth all things well. At length light broke in upon her dark mind, and joy took possession of her sorrowful breast. She is now enabled to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."—*N. Y. Recorder.*

SILENT EVE.—An illiterate female, said Dr. Cashner, "in humble life, applied for admission to the sacrament; but the customary examination could not frame one articulate reply to a single question that was put to her. It was in vain to ask her of the officiating minister of Christ, or of the purpose of his death. Not one word could be drawn out of her; and yet there was a certain air of intelligent seriousness, and the manifestations of right and appropriate feeling—a heart and a tenderness indicated, not by one syllable of utterance, but by the natural signs of emotion which fitly responded to the topics of the eucharist, whether she spoke or of the Saviour who atoned for her. Still, as she could make no distinct reply to any of his questions, he refused to enroll her as a communicant; when she, on retiring, called out, in the fullness of her heart, 'I cannot speak for him, but I could die for him!' The minister, overpowered, handed to her a sacramental token; and with good reason, although not a reason, fell in utterance from her."

THE "CHART"—The following incident is from a letter to a New York paper: Mr. Y., a New York merchant, went out from New London harbor in a fishing smack, to spend a day or two in fishing. The sea was somewhat rough, and in the evening the little vessel was safely moored in a little bay, not many miles from Montauk Point. Weighed with being tossed about during the day, Mr. Y. was in his berth at an early hour, feeling that all was safe. He had nearly fallen asleep when a weather-battered fisherman exclaimed, "John! lend me the 'chart.' " Wishing to see upon their chart the situation of the bay in which they had made anchor, Mr. Y. rose up and leaned forward from his berth. Upon the knee of the fisherman lay an open Bible—a "chart" directing the weary mariner to a haven of eternal rest.

The fisherman, observing the surprise of Mr. Y. remarked that he had always closed to day with reading God's word, and with prayer. A chapter was then read, and like the "fisherman" of old, the voice of our Lord and another rose with thanksgiving to Him who is "lighter than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

Who, being fitness to such a scene, or such an example, would ever find the incident forced from memory?—Would that the number of such consistent, faithful men might be increased both upon sea and land; going forth from day to day, "bearing precious seed," that they may "come again," at the last day, "with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

BEGIN EARLY.—We have all seen, in the records daily passing before us, of the life of the distinguished statesman for whom the nation is in mourning, frequent references to his early years, and we think there is reason to believe, that his religious training, under the parental roof, was thorough and enduring in its impression.

We love to hold out to parents the encouragement which such facts give—and they are by no means rare. Just now, we stood by the dying bed of an interesting, young, accomplished woman—an actress. She had evidently been seeking the Saviour earnestly for a long while, and we trust she found Him, "whom to know aright is life eternal." We inquired as to her views and feelings, and were surprised at the intelligence manifested in her feebly expressions. We inquired as to her early childhood, and with the deepest emotion, she quickly responded, as if those halcyon days were directly in her view, with all their beauty and hope—"Oh, that I had always lived in conformity to my early education. Until eight years of age, I was with my kind parents—pious Presbyterian people who instructed me at home, and conducted me to the Sabbath school and the sanctuary. From that time, I have lived in far different circumstances, and given way to the evil influences surrounding me."—She could say no more. The contrast between those eight years and the twelve or fifteen that had followed, was too much for her to think of.

After a while she said, "all my hope is in the mercy of our God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." And in a few hours, the talented and pleasing—whose name has often been seen on the theatrical bills, was no more. Let us begin early to insinuate into our minds of our Father, the principle of our holy religion, and depend on His grace and blessing of a covenant-keeper, God for success.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.—In a quiet village situated on the shores of a beautiful lake, lived a man of some wealth and independent manners. He disregarded the Sabbath entirely, and pursued his business or pleasure as best suited his convenience. He commenced building a boat principally for pleasure excursions on the lake. While he was proceeding with the enterprise, which, it was whispered abroad, would afford opportunity for Sunday sailing, he was called on by a minister, who inquired about the boat, and expostulated with him, as the enterprise would increase the wildness and immorality of the village. "I am afraid," said the minister, "your boat will prove a Sabbath-breaker." The man looked him in the face, and with much assurance said, "Yes it will; but's just what I'll name my boat. I've been thinking some time what to call her, and you have just hit it. I thank you for the suggestion. The boat shall be called 'THE SABBATH-BREAKER.'" As he said this, he hid the minister good-day, with a chuckle at his evident surprise and mortification. The building went on, and especially on Sunday. She was soon ready to launch and was launched on Sunday, and named "The Sabbath-breaker," amid the cheers of some twenty or thirty half intoxicated men. An old sailor or two shook their heads at the way she struck the water, but the folly usual to such an owner hid his eyes to the truth. She was rigged and fitted for an excursion.—She must go out on Sunday. A general invitation was given, and numbers crowded on board. On the steamer was floating the name in large letters, "The Sabbath-breaker." She put out. Several, seized by an indefinite dread as they read the name over her stem, sprang on shore; others would have done so, but she was off. She sailed well enough for a while. The timid felt reassured, and music and mirth began. But scarcely four hours had elapsed when the boat was struck by a flap of wind which came very suddenly upon her. Confusion reigned on board. Scarcely an effort was made. She keeled almost instantly over, and went to the bottom. Now, what an outcry! But soon all was over. Forty souls, mostly youth, had found a watery grave, and just above the surface of the lake floated the flag, bearing the inscription, "Sabbath-breaker," proclaiming to all the passers-by that there is a God in heaven who judgeth righteously.—*California Christian Advocate.*

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The New York Express says that this building, for the Great Exhibition is advancing rapidly. The iron pillars which have been already erected begin to mark the outlines with some degree of distinctness. The enterprise is attracting that attention all over the country which its noble objects deserve, and there is no question but that the most unbounded success will attend it.

The Iron Gift.

A LEGEND FROM THE FRENCH.
There once lived in Scotland, three poor blacksmiths. Their habitations were situated in the mountains, which surrounded the pretty town of Perth.—Though they labored incessantly, they could scarcely obtain a sufficiency of the coarsest food; and frequent and sorrowful were their prayers that God would send them some little portion of the bounty which so many enjoy without merit; or that their lives and wretchedness might end together. Labor and prayer seemed to them alike fruitless; misery appeared reserved for their lot.—Despairing, then, of fortune, (and prompted by the evil working of their minds,) they said to one another, "Our prayers avail nothing; let us turn to the Evil Spirit and ask his favor."

Scarcely had they pronounced these impious words, when a voice was heard behind them:—"At midnight, at the Blackrock mountain, I will await you. If you have courage to meet me there, fortune is yours.—Remember midnight."

Speechless with terror, the brothers gazed upon each other. The youngest at last broke silence:—"My brother, do you hear? Shall we go?"—"We will obey!" exclaimed the elder. On the approach of midnight, they bent their steps towards the mountain. As they drew near it, they heard the ringing of an anvil, but saw neither light nor smoke. With terror they advanced to discover whence the sound proceeded. They reached the end of the path. The noise of a thousand hammers resounded; but on looking around, they saw only a solitary man at work.

"I awaited you," he said, "and was forging for you. This product of my labor is yours, upon one condition. If at the end of nine years, you do not return it to me, or the value it has produced you, you will lose both body and soul, and all your possessions shall vanish from the earth. A whim sometimes impels me to do such things, and endeavor then, to profit by this Gift of Iron."

So saying, he gave to each a mass of wrought iron, and then dismissed them. The brothers arrived at home, not much pleased with the event of their journey, questioning whether the gift promised much, and not doubting that they should return it at the appointed time. They fell asleep thinking of their adventure, and murmuring as usual at their ill luck.

On awaking next morning, they were about to commence their daily toil, having almost forgotten the disappointment of the previous evening, when suddenly they perceived three ingots of gold, which had replaced the masses of iron. Their joy was unbounded. Immediately they laid plans to enjoy their wealth. In a short time they dwelt in a magnificent palace, with a retinue regal in splendor. Forgetting their promise to the wizard, to return the value of his gift, they past their time in pleasure, without thinking of the future. Nine years rolled away in festivals and the most extravagant indulgence.

But the close of their term at length arrived. The wizard, punctual to his appointed hour, appeared at midnight, at the palace, in the midst of a splendid banquet; and, while all the guests were appalled, thus addressed the brothers:—"The last hour is about to strike! who have you to return to me?" They were dumb with terror! An infernal smile played upon the features of the tempter. He struck the ground—and the palace disappeared. A world tumult filled the air, as the wizard's vengeance swept away his victims.

This is the moral of the Legend:—that those who, by the iron toil of others, become possessors of great wealth should not squander it upon their own pleasures, but cause it to yield its value for the benefit of those who wrought it.

Cast Iron Pavements are being laid in Boston. The Philadelphia Ledger says they are of a novel character, composed of circular boxes of cast iron, about twelve inches in diameter, and five inches in height, divided into six compartments, so small as not to admit the hoof of a horse. In the present experiment, these spaces will be filled with gravel, but some other substance, such as a composition of asphaltum and sand or gravel, may be found more suitable. The surface of the pavement is grooved to prevent horses from slipping, and on the outer edge of each box are keys which fit into the edges of the surrounding boxes, thus binding the whole firmly together. The thickness of the outer rim and inner divisions is about an inch. The street will be covered with a network of iron, filled in with a substance to produce a smooth and durable surface. The inventor of this plan is Mr. William D. Terry, of Boston, and it is the opinion in Boston that it will be successful.

Agricultural Items.

HOW TO PRESERVE PUMPKINS.—Do not bruise them—do not freeze them—do not put them in a damp room or cellar. Bruising is almost the only cause of early decay. By careful handling, they may be kept a year. Try it. The same rule will apply to apples.

LARGE YIELD OF STRAWBERRIES.—Mr. William Gore, of Freeport, Maine, grew 3½ bushels of strawberries upon a piece of land 11 by 43 feet; the bed six years old. The soil is a dark, sandy loam; under-drained by digging trenches and filling in with cobble-stone. This yield is at the rate of 9600 quarts to the acre. The variety, Hovey's Seedling.

BENEFIT OF GUANO ON CORN.—Mr. Barnes, of Winfield, Georgia, writes us that he tried a small quantity of Peruvian guano, this year, on corn, and not only got the money back expended for it, but seventy-five per cent. advance on the cost. The crop was 49 bushels per acre, on poor land. We think this will do pretty well for an experiment.

FEED CATTLE REGULARLY.—We find that very many of our farmers feed their cattle more than they require to keep them in good condition, particularly oxen, which do not work, and horses that stand in the stable most of the time, except occasionally, when the owner takes him out to go a short trip, or to do a light job. "Keep Dobbin eating," says the father, and the boys follow his injunctions implicitly, and his rack is replenished with hay as often as the father or sons pass by his stall, till he thinks it is a matter of course to have an additional amount of feed placed before him every time he hears any one in the barn, and if not attended to he gives them a call to quicken their memory. Much hay in this way is wasted; the horse selecting only a little of the most tempting after his appetite is satisfied, and either pulling the remainder through the rack under his feet, or else breathing on it so much as to render it unpalatable to him. Stock of all kinds should have their regular meals at fixed hours as much as a man, and be allowed to masticate and digest what they eat in their intervals.

If they are continually fed at all hours and times, they will be continually expecting something, and consequently kept uneasy. They will thrive better on a less amount of hay and grain by the first method of feeding than by the last, and with less labor of attendance from the keeper.—*Middlesex Farmer.*

IMPORTATION OF PEACH STONES.—The fact is a curious one, and may be interesting to some of our readers, that large quantities of peach stones are imported, principally from France, notwithstanding the vast quantities grown in this country. The reason is, we eat the peaches, and throw away the stones.—Another reason is, getting plants from foreign seed, free of disease. But as these are all budded from home-grown trees, we do not see how the importation of seed can prevent the yellows, when the tree is grown from the bud.

THE CURCULLO—A DISCOVERY.—Much has been written on the Curculio—many inquiries have been made as to its habits, destruction, &c. We have carefully read every article seen for years back in our agricultural papers, and in a large number of exchanges recently, for the remedy, but have found nothing that could be relied on.

Having some fine Plum trees, the fruit a very large reddish-purple variety, that have been bearing some eight or ten years, and never maturing a dozen plums a year, we have felt much solicitude, and much anxiety to discover a remedy.—We have tried many that have been recommended, without success.—Knowing that trees standing in a hard trodden yard, were more apt to mature fruit than others differently situated, we resolved last spring to make an experiment. We, therefore, before the trees were in bloom, removed the soil, which was thickly set in Bermuda grass, from around each tree to the distance of five or six feet, and the depth of two or three inches—then built a chicken coop around each tree, and requested our better half to have her chickens, &c., fed no where else but in the coops, which has been done; &c., &c., one brood or another will be found under the trees, waiting for their oft repeated meals through the day, and ready to pick up every curculio that dare show his head above ground. Now mark the result; our trees are breaking with the finest fruit—just maturing (July 10)—we have ever seen. Comment is unnecessary—each reader can make his own deductions. If on further trial, the course pursued this year shall prove an effectual preventive, even when applied to a few trees, we shall feel gratified at having made the discovery.—*Farmer and Planter.*

The debt of thousands which has oppressed the Westworth street Baptist Church, of Charleston, for years, was entirely extinguished on the first in-

