Poetry.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Sabbath Morning Music.

BY WILLIAM E. M'LAREN.

Fair suns arise to light the world,
And move majestic on their way;
But most majestic and most fair,
The great bright sun of Sabbath-Day.

Its waves of blessed light flow down,
As ocean-ripples gently roll;
And while I bathe my toil-pale brow,
Sweet-voiced words come to my soul:

"Earth-pilgrim, cease thy weary march—
Cast off thy burden—pitch thy tent—
And woo the pleasant angel, REST,
Beneath the shining element."

Rest! what a silver-sounding word!
Rest! what a blessedness and balm!
It is the lull amid life's storms,
A foretaste of the eternal calm.

Then calm, my soul, be all thy moods,
And peaceful thy communings be,
As is the sea when no gales blow—
As is the sea, the green-girt sea.

How music fills the Sabbath morn
With psalmody of peace and rest,
Till earth's loud hymns almost resound
Like Alleluias of the blest!

The blue-bird swings on cedar bough,
The lark soars in the sky above,
The oriole revels 'mid the blooms,
And all pipe morning lays of love.

Down to the shady depths of glens,
From rocky sources on the hills,
They musically leap and flow—
They leap and flow, the tinkling rills.

From yonder chapel, whose loud bell
Has tolled the hour of praise and prayer,
I hear the sonorous organ's swell,
And grand Old Hundred's solemn air.

Betimes I catch a word or line,
Borne on the plumy wind's soft wing;
"This is the day that CHRIST arose
So early from the dead!" they sing.

O, blessed be the voice that sings,
And bless'd the ministering breeze,
That bears to my enchanted soul
Such blessed words as these!

And, hark! methinks from yonder sky
I hear the song that seraphs sing;
Perhaps 't is only their sweet speech,
Or, just the rustling of a wing.

Fling wide your gates, O, angel-clime,
That from this far-off sphere of dust
I may discern—O, sounds sublime!—
Familiar voices 'mid the Just.

'T is like the music that we hear
When winds on golden harp-strings blow;
That voice I know: it sings in lands
That men know not, but hope to know.

O, loved and lost! such music made
The angels, watching, one sad day,
The gentle going of thy soul
Upward unto the far-away.

Then, since the companies of birds
Trill gentle melodies of praise,
And brooks and forests make sweet song,
And men, loud Sabbath morning lays;

And since I seem to hear the strain
Of cherubim and seraphim,
Let me my trembling voice uplift,
And join the UNIVERSAL HYMN!

June, 1857.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS sent to us for Notice, will be duly attended to. Those from publishers in Philadelphia, New York, &c., may be left at our Philadelphia Office, 111 South 10th St., below Chestnut, in care of Joseph M. Wilson, Esq.

HISTORY OF JEFFERSON COLLEGE, including an account of the early Log-Cabin Schools, and the Canonsburg Academy. With Biographical Sketches of Rev. Matthew Brown, D.D., Rev. Samuel Ralston, D.D., Rev. Matthew Henderson, Rev. James Ramsey, D.D., and Rev. Abraham Anderson, D.D. By *Rev. Joseph Smith, D.D.*, author of "Old Redstone." pp. 438; 12mo. *J. T. Shryock*, Pittsburgh, Pa.

This is just such a book as we like to get hold of. It tells us, in a plain and easy manner, of the beginnings of great things. The early settlement of Western Pennsylvania, gave character to a large part of the Western States. The first literature of this region, gave form and spirit to the literature and religion of a whole stretch of country, reaching from State to Territory, till now it is blessing the remotest West of our continent. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and now Kansas, Nebraska, and Oregon, have enjoyed, and are enjoying the benefit. Had our fathers *here* been ignorant, and been indifferent to education, the whole West would have suffered a blight. Had they been careless about religion, or heterodox in their sentiments, Christianity would have been deprived of a great heritage, and untold millions of immortals would have eternally felt the loss. The Log-Cabin Schools of McMillan, Smith, and Dod; and the Canonsburg Academy, commencing its classical existence in the shadow of a few sassafras bushes growing in a worm fence, with its fervent prayers, and its *Quid agis!* and its two pupils; and the little Stone College with its President and one Professor, and a joint salary of less than $700, have done more for true learning, and a pure religion, and Republican institutions, than we are able to estimate. The names of the actors should be had in lasting remembrance, and a knowledge of the incidents of the times should be perpetuated from age to age. The minuteness of the detail is one of the excellences of the book we peruse.

The Log-Cabin Schools began in 1779; the Canonsburg Academy was opened in 1791; and Jefferson College obtained its charter in 1802. The College was the first in time West of the Allegheny mountains, and it has ever maintained a precedence in the number of its students and its usefulness. It has always been poor in funds, almost struggling for existence; and yet always rich in faith, and flourishing in the qualifications of its teachers, and the character of the minds it is annually sending out to bless the Church and the country.

The Biographical Sketches of some of the worthies who were connected with the College, form a valuable portion of Dr. Smith's volume. Mr. Shryock has done well in the issuing of the work, and we trust that he will be amply remunerated.

THE BIBLE AND ASTRONOMY; An Exhibition of the Biblical Cosmology, and its relations to natural science. By *John Henry Kurtz, D.D.*, Professor of Church History in the University of Dorpat. Translated by *T. D. Simonton*, Harrisburg, Pa. Philadelphia: *Lindsay & Blackiston.* pp. 527.

A very suggestive volume, proving its author to be a *scholar* and a *thinker*. Its views are ingenious—some of them novel; some imaginative and startling. Whilst we could not adopt all the conclusions at which the author arrives, and would advise the reader to be on his guard in reading some of them, we are happy to add that the volume is pervaded by an evangelical spirit; and that the writer exhibits constantly a great reverence for the supreme and controlling authority of the Holy Scriptures. Mr. Simonton, the translator, deserves much praise for the lucid and elegant English into which he has rendered the work; and the typography and dress is neat and commendable.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Bedford Correspondence.

It is pleasant during the hot months of Summer, to escape from the bustle of crowded streets, and the confined atmosphere of the city, to some sequestered valley where one can repair the exhausted energies of body and mind, and spend a season in harmless recreation. The beautiful village of Bedford, and the valley in which it is situated, furnish a favorable resort. For a long series of years the care-worn merchant, the man of study, and the invalid, whether from city or country, have sought a temporary residence in this healthful region; and after a few weeks, or months, have returned to their respective spheres of labor, invigorated both physically and mentally. We shall write, briefly, respecting the village of Bedford, and the Springs in the immediate vicinity.

THE VILLAGE.

In the opinion of the writer, there are few places in our country so delightfully situated, and at the same time so favored as respects salubrity of climate. The mountains which surround it, the valleys diverging in almost every direction, the limpid streams and grateful woodlands, are almost unsurpassed in majesty and loveliness. A gentleman who has traveled extensively in this country and in Europe, remarked, a few days after his arrival in Bedford, that with the exception of some Swiss scenery, he had never witnessed any thing which surpassed in picturesque, romantic beauty, that which he now beheld. The society of Bedford, we think, will compare favorably with that of any place which we have visited in point of intelligence, refinement, and morality. There are here six churches—one for every three hundred inhabitants—the Presbyterian, German Reformed, Lutheran, Methodist, Catholic, and African. There are two Seminaries. The one under the care of Rev. Mr. Aughinbaugh, recently from Emmittsburg, Md., is in a flourishing condition; and if scholarly attainments, experience in teaching, and courteousness of manner insure success, the Principal and Assistants of this institute for young ladies and gentlemen cannot fail to make permanent and highly useful this already prosperous school.

THE SPRINGS.

These are situated about one mile and a half from Bedford, in what is called "Shover's Valley." The property within the past year has passed into the hands of a company, who seem determined, that since nature has done so much for this important watering-place, art shall be employed, not to destroy, as is often the case, but to add to the beauty and comfort of the place. The grounds have already been *greatly* improved and ornamented. An additional hotel-building, remarkably tasteful, and amply furnished, is just ready for occupancy. A large number of the rooms in the buildings previously occupied, including the spacious parlors, have been refitted in a manner which will contribute greatly to the comfort of visitors. One large bath-house is just completed, another is being erected.

The gentleman who has charge of the hotels, and the President of the Company, who has a general supervision, are well suited to the positions they occupy—kind, affable, and attentive to strangers. His friends, and those who have been accustomed to visit the Springs, will be gratified to learn that the original proprietor still retains a large interest in the property; and should they see fit to revisit the scenes of by-gone, happy days, they will receive from him a hearty welcome.

The water of the principal Spring is chalybeate and saline. It has a taste resembling a weak solution of Epsom salts, at first unpleasant to most persons, but after having been used a few days, is generally preferred to any other water. It was analyzed several years since, by Dr. Church, of Pittsburgh; the result is as follows:

A wine gallon contains, of carbonic acid, 74 cubic inches; of solid contents:

Sulphate of Magnesia,	80 grs.
Sulphate of Lime,	14.5
Chloride of Sodium,	10
Muriate of Lime,	3
Carbonate of Iron,	5
Carbonate of Lime,	8
Total,	120.5

As to the medicinal properties of the Spring, physicians tell us that it is tonic, aperient, alterative, diaphoretic, and, to some extent, antacid. A physician who published an able paper on the Bedford mineral water, its qualities, effects, and mode of administration, states that the diseases to the alleviation or cure of which this water is adapted are of course chronic, and he makes the following classification:—Functional derangements, and some organic diseases, of the liver, stomach, and bowels; certain nervous disorders, depending upon general debility; some diseases peculiar to women; affections of the skin, having their origin in a disordered or impaired condition of the digestive organs, &c. In one form of Dyspepsia, which consists in a sub-acute inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach, the water is, perhaps, of no advantage. It should not be used by persons who are suffering from Consumption in its advanced stages; to such it generally proves fatal. Many have come to these Springs under the influence of that most deceitful of all diseases, hoping to derive benefit from the water, and persisting in its use notwithstanding its effects were evidently unfavorable, until at length they have been compelled to hasten to their homes, there to die, or have been consigned by strangers' hands to their final rest. With the above exceptions, and perhaps some others, these waters, when used in connexion with proper diet and judicious exercise, are highly beneficial. An eminent clergyman, now at the Springs, who has visited Saratoga, the Hot Springs of Virginia, and nearly all the prominent watering places in the Union, informed me that Bedford mineral water was, in his opinion, more highly beneficial, more permanent in its effects than any other with which he had any acquaintance.

MEANS OF ACCESS.

The first time the writer came to this place, it was under circumstances which forcibly reminded him of the difficulty which pleasure-seekers and invalids of London experienced in reaching their famous watering-places in the seventeenth century. Then a journey of thirty miles a day was worthy of special remark, and they traveled in coaches drawn by six horses—for with four they were certain to stick fast in the mire. But, as with them, so with us in these ends of the earth, a better state of things is come, though much still remains to make this watering-place as easy of access as it should be. Passengers from Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh, can reach Bedford in one day *via* the Pennsylvania Railroad to Huntingdon; thence to Hopewell by the Broad Top Railroad; thence to Bedford, a distance of twenty miles, passengers are conveyed in pleasant coaches over a graded road, now in an excellent condition. Hacks also leave Cumberland, Md., and Hollidaysburg, Pa., every morning, arriving at Bedford in the afternoon. Boarding can be had in the town for from five to eight dollars, at the Springs for fourteen dollars per week. Hacks and omnibuses are running continually, between the village and the Springs, and this being the case, many prefer boarding in town.

New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and New Orleans, are already represented at the Springs. Among the ministers, we have noticed Rev. I. J. Henderson, of New Orleans, Rev Mr. Purviance, of Baltimore, and Rev. Prof. Conrad, of Dayton, Ohio. Several other clergymen, from different cities, are expected next week; also, President Buchanan, and other distinguished personages.

Any ministerial brethren who may desire further information respecting this pleasant Summer resort, can obtain it by addressing

R. F. S.,
Box 83, Bedford, Pa.

Descriptive.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Things Seen in a Recent Ramble.

After a light breakfast at the St. Charles, and a morning ramble in the city, I purposely directed my steps to the "sanctum" of the *Banner and Advocate*, where I found the editor on his tripod, busily jotting down important cogitations, as "copy." He received me with a cordiality that I felt at once to be unfeigned, and gave me to know that at least *one* editor can look upon the intrusive call of a rambler, without chagrin.

Scarcely had the usual salutations and inquiries of such occasions ended, when in walked a worthy son of Levi and for a time prevented me from making known the object of my apparently ill-timed visit. This brother was on his way to the Assembly, and has a field of labor East of the mountains—was an old acquaintance of the Doctor, and received by him with marked tokens of Christian regard. Soon after he was seated, he in some way alluded, in the course of his conversation, to the subject of Infant Baptism, as discussed in the *Banner and Advocate* for some months previous; taking exception to some of the positions assumed by the editor, and a part of his correspondence; whereupon there sprang up a discussion between him and the Doctor, on the ecclesiastical *status* of the children of believers before and after baptism, that for point, logic, instructiveness, and good humor, I have seldom heard equalled, and never surpassed. The Doctor most certainly won the day; having the decided advantage of his opponent in memory, mental perception, quick discernment, Scripture references, logic, and all the essential characteristics of an expert polemic. For more than two hours, this contest was carried on, in a spirit worthy of the contestors and their cause. Throughout, it was highly interesting and instructive, and ended in a manner both satisfactory and amusing to me. Certain am I, that if the editor had always put a tithe of the *vim* and spirit into his editorials that he did into this debate, no Danville Doctor would have dared to bring the charge of "dullness" against the *Presbyterian Banner and Advocate*. And now, dear reader, I am fully convinced that if you desire to see some "sharpness" in the columns of this paper, all you have to do is to get some strong, pugnacious scribe to "pitch in" to its editor.*

The debate being ended, I stated my business; which was to get information as to the residence of Dr. S., a gentleman that had considerable reputation as an occulist, and whom I wished to consult on matters of personal importance. My kind friend at once offered to accompany me to the office of Dr. S., on Penn Street. We went; the Doctor was from home—had gone East, and would not return before the next Monday, at which time, his polite son told us, his father would be happy to see us.

Here the editor and I separated; he returning to his *sanctum*, and I to my rambling. After strolling for a time in Liberty Street, where I must confess to some surprise at the amount of commercial business that I saw doing there—reminding me of Market Street, Philadelphia, or the trade marts of New York—I crossed over to Allegheny City, to visit the Rabbis of the Seminary, and to ask after the welfare of its young prophets. It being vacation, (a thing I ought to have remembered,) all the students were gone away, and the Professors were "down town," and no one knew when they would return. I inquired of a domestic if the Seminary was open. He said it was. I then walked in, and found the noble edifice as empty of humanity as an editor or clergyman's pocket generally is of money, but as clean and as tidy as if it had just that morning come from under the hands of those who are accustomed to use well the paint-brush and scrub-broom. It looked so nice that I walked on, and up the stairs, visiting every corner, and peeping into every room that *happened* not to be locked, seeing everything I could see, and feeling that it was no impropriety to do so, as it was in part *my* house, and that every Presbyterian ought to feel himself *at home* in it. In the centre of the hall of the third story, (where the students have their rooms,) I thought I would try how *my* voice would sound in a Theological Seminary. Stopping here, I imagined I saw before me all the present and future Alumni of the Institution, and raising my voice to its highest key, I said:

"FORTUNATI JUVINES!"

And every room and corner of the building seemed to re-echo—*fortunati! fortunati!!* I then descended, and every tread of my foot made such a noise that I feared the Janitor below would mistake me for an interloper. Returning to the city, I reflected that no one could ever say again that I had not been *through* one of the best Theological Seminaries in the land, and that I had made no small *noise* there, too, during my transit.

Stopping at our Book-Rooms, on St. Clair Street, I had a long conversation on the subject of religion, with Mr. James A. Irwin, the Agent, who has since gone to his long home! Alas! little did I think, when I parted with him on that day, that I would see his face no more! He told me that he felt himself declining, and that he did not expect to live long; but that his whole trust was in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that he had no desire to be here an hour longer, if it was God's will that he should depart. I have no doubt but that he died a true Christian.

This being Saturday, I determined to spend the coming Sabbath in the country; and with this design, I went to the depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad. And O, such a depot! It is nothing but a poor, little, dirty, shanty of a structure, more like a backwoods *station* than a depot in a city, and at the terminus of a road that can boast of a double track, over which pass thirty different trains daily! I boarded one of these.

A ride of eight or ten miles brought me to the station where I wished to stop. Meeting kind friends here, with whom I passed the night, I was taken on the Sabbath to a Presbyterian church in the vicinity, where I saw a very fine church edifice, favorably situated in regard both to ventilation and prospect. The congregation was large, well dressed, and during sermon well behaved. The preacher was a student of the Western Theological Seminary, about to enter the senior year. The sermon was an excellent one, but *not* on the text; and the singing was very good, being conducted by a choir, and engaged in by *all* the congregation.

The only things I saw to which I took exception were, some coming too late, a few sleeping, and many, when the congregation was dismissed, indulging too much, both in and out of the house, the *How-do-ye-do* habit. That is, shaking hands and speaking out loudly, thus—"Why, Jane! how-do-you-do? Why, I havn't seen you for-a-long-time! Why don't you come to see me?" &c., &c. Indeed, there was such a general shaking of hands, that all in the house seemed matted together like a pea-vine, and the *hum* caused by the salutations, sounded any thing but devotional in my ear. But perhaps I am too cynical; and yet I do think *such* sociality quite unbecoming the sanctuary.

The next day a good clerical brother returned with me to the city; but our interview with Dr. S., on Penn Street, his sending us to a remarkable German lady, a dealer in leeches, on —— Alley; my ramble in the upper part of the city, and the night I passed there with the excellent pastor of the Sixth church; my return to Ohio, and interview with the Presbytery of St. Clairsville—I must leave to be chronicled in another letter. ZED.

*Our correspondent here takes a large liberty. But in all his criticisms, both of ourselves and others, there is so much of good nature, that it would be unkind not to bear with him.

For the Ladies.

The Little Tin Pails.

At about six o'clock in the afternoon, a passenger cannot walk through the quietest street in the city without meeting men, each with a little tin pail in his hand. As the bearer swings it at his side, and raps it against his large buttons, one can readily know it is empty! Where has he been? What has he been doing? What is the pail for? One may not be able to see any thing in the pail, but after all, it has a pleasant story in it. Early in the morning that pail is filled. Before the breakfast things are washed and put away, it is placed upon the table by a good and industrious woman, who rose before the sun, to prepare the morning meal, and bathe and dress the children. Her fingers and feet have been very busy all the morning, and now she stops all other work to see the laboring husband off to his work, and prepare his noon meal for him. The bread and meat, the large piece of pie, the gingerbread, the pickles, and perhaps some dainty bit which she has saved for the man she loves, are placed in the little tin pail, one after another, until it is full, and the lid placed snugly on. He, the laborer, stands by and looks on. When all is finished, he gives a kiss to the youngest, says a pleasant good morning too his wife, takes his pail in his hand, and away he goes.

From that time he disappears for the day. No one asks where he goes, and few know. He swings the hammer, or pushes the plane, or practices some other handicraft, in doors or out. He toils all day for bread and clothing for himself and family. His arms are strong, his heart is courageous, and his mind content. The rich ride by in their carriages, but he cares not. Gay idlers attract his eye for a moment, but he despises them. When noon-time comes, and the long whistle sounds at the shops, he drops his work and opens the little tin pail. The meat is eaten with true zest, and the bread tastes as sweetly as manna, for he has the health which labor brings. At last he reaches the bottom, and his eye moistens as he sees there a piece of fruit, or some little delicacy, which the kind wife has smuggled in unknown to him—something which has cost her self-denial. Isn't that a sweet meal? With his appetite, and with those sweet associations which embalm it, it is a feast for the gods.

The whistle sounds again, and again the strong hands and courageous heart are at work. The day is now upon the wane, but he grows little weary, for there is a warm place in his heart which feeds the fire on which his willing labor depends. His eye is lifted to the clock, hour after hour, during the pauses in his labor, and down falls the tardy index, until at last, the stroke of six runs out, and the whistle of release for the day gives its welcome blast. Before him are twelve or fourteen blest hours of rest! The rough hands are washed, the shirt sleeves rolled down and buttoned, the coat put on, the little tin pail taken from its hiding place, and he is in the street again. Now we meet him. Now the streets are full of little tin pails. They are carried by men who have self-respect, who earn their living, and "owe not any man." The little tin pail rings carelessly at their side, the celebration of a day's labor achieved—of hard money, hardly earned.

A thousand children run to meet the little tin pails, and beg the privilege of carrying them into houses and tenements scattered all over the city. In many hundreds of these the table is already set out, and at the fire sits the neatly dressed wife, and the hissing tea-pot awaiting the husband's return. Behold the family group gathered around the evening board! Before those healthy appetites how quickly the viands disappear! And then, the good wife washes the tea things where they stand, and the little tin pail is cleanly wiped out and polished off for the next day's service. Thus, and thus the days go round, with sound, sweet sleep between.

"Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

God bless the laborer! God bless his companion, the little tin pail. May it evermore be as full of love and all love's associations as it is filled each morn with food, and may the food never fail! Few understand how truly the little tin pail is the index of the prosperity of a community. The more thickly we meet them in the streets, the more prosperous do we know that we are growing. Oh, let us feel kindly toward those who bear them; for labor is the truly honorable thing among men. There is not a neatly-graded lawn, a pretty garden, or a well-trained tree that does not tell of it. It builds magnificent cities, and builds navies, and bridges rivers, and lays the railroad track, and forms every part of the locomotive. Wherever a steamer ploughs the waves, or the long canal bears the nation's inland wealth; wherever wheat fields wave, and mill wheels turn; there labor is the conqueror and the king. The newspaper, wherever it spreads its wings, bears with it the impress of toiling hands. Should not the laborer be well fed? Should he not be well housed? Should he not have the best wife and prettiest children in the world? Should not the man who produces all that we have to eat, and drink, and wear, be honored? To us there is more true poetry about the laborer's life and lot, than any other man's under heaven. It matters not in what calling a man toils, if he toils manfully, honestly, efficiently, and contented. The little tin pail should be a badge of nobility every where, and in the "good time coming, boys," it will be so.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Handsome Soul.

One day last Winter, a little boy from the South, who was on a visit to the city, was taking his first lesson in the art of "sliding down hill," when he suddenly found his feet in rather too close contact with a lady's silk dress. Surprised, mortified and confused, he sprang from his sled, and, cap in hand, commenced an earnest apology:

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I am very sorry."

"Never mind," exclaimed the lady, "there is no great harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do."

"But, dear madam," said the boy, as his eyes filled with tears, "your dress is ruined. I thought you would be very angry with me for being so careless."

"O, no," replied the lady; "better have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."

"O! isn't she a beauty?" exclaimed the lad, as the lady passed on.

"Who, that lady?" returned his comrade, "if you call her a beauty, you shan't choose for me; why, she is more than thirty years old, and her face is yellow and wrinkled."

"I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the little hero, "*her soul is handsome, anyhow.*"

A shout of laughter followed, from which he was glad to escape. Relating the incident to his mother, he remarked:

"O, mother, that lady did me good, I shall never forget it; and when I am tempted to indulge my angry passions, I will think of what she said—'*Better have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper.*'"

Agricultural.

Liming.

I commenced liming about thirty years ago, by experimenting with twenty bushels on half an acre. That half acre looked so much better the next Spring, that I contracted for nine hundred bushels for the succeeding Fall, and put it on at the rate of forty bushels per acre. That gave me a great crop on land that was said to have been cropped thirty years without any manure; I then got time for nine cents per bushel, taking a whole kiln at once. I kept liming until I had all the old land limed, and it paid well—the first crop always paying well for the cost, besides making much more straw to increase the manure. The last I limed was fourteen years ago; I then made an experiment with one hundred bushels to the acre on two acres, and fifty-five bushels to the acre on the remainder of the field (16 acres.) The two acres with one hundred bushels to the acre yielded an immense crop; had it not been on the hardest and poorest part of the field, I presume it would have all lodged, although lime stiffens the straw much. The wheat is clearer, plumper, and of finer quality. A good liming will last for twenty to twenty-five years, and then the land may require twenty to twenty-five bushels to the acre. I said that if I was a young man I would lime all my unlimed land at the rate of eighty bushels to the acre. It would be little cost for a few hundred farmers in Western New York to each try twenty-five bushels on half an acre of wheat this Fall, and next harvest, and in all probability long before, they would see the result. There is nothing that I can say, or that any other man can say, that will convince men like their own experience.

Hay Caps.

A friend to whom I some years since recommended the use of the "cap," wrote me recently as follows, concerning it:—"I find the 'hay cap' all you recommended it to be, and more. The season in this section has been very 'catching;' but I have had no hay spoiled or very much damaged, although in one storm of three days I had out several tons. My caps protected all except six cocks, which I covered partially with *sheets from the beds.* I have used the caps in protecting my oats, wheat, rye, barley and peas, and have more than saved their entire cost in two seasons, the caps being now as good, to all appearance, as when they were first made up. My neighbors are using them this season."

HORSES UGLY TO CATCH.—When I put my horse to pasture, I found him very bad to catch. I tried salt, oats, sugar &c., but all to no purpose. One, alone, could not catch him. Though this difficulty might help to cultivate the principle of patience, it does so quite unpleasantly, and I resolved to try some plan less troublesome; so I purchased a pair of trace-chains at a hardware store, had them welded into one, and the hooks taken off, and then fastened one end around the horses neck, letting the other drag upon the ground. The result was, I had no more trouble to catch my horse.—*J. Sibley, Forestville, N. Y.*

TO COOK RHUBARB.—It is a common error in cooking rhubarb, to peel it. This should never be done, as the skin contains the aroma of the plant, and is not at all fibrous, but cooks readily and becomes pulpy. We have derived this information from a French cook of experience and skill. The same cook tells us that asparagus should be cut into pieces about three quarters of an inch long before cooking It should be boiled with a nice piece of salt pork, and served up in the same manner as peas.

A GOOD COW.—At a sale of farming stock in Gloucestershire, England, the auctioneer gave the following extempore description of a cow:

Long in her sides, bright in her eyes,
Short in her legs, thin in her thighs;
Big in her ribs, wide in her pins,
Full in her bosom, small in her shins;
Long in her face, fine in her tail,
And never deficient in filling her pail.

RATES OF DISCOUNT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THIS PAPER.

PENNSYLVANIA.		NEW JERSEY & DELAWARE.	
Banks of Pittsburgh,	par	All solvent banks,	½
Banks of Philadelphia,	par	VIRGINIA.	
Bank of Chambersburg,	½	All solvent banks,	¾
Bank of Gettysburg,	½	NORTH CAROLINA.	
Bank of Middletown,	½	All solvent banks,	2
Bank of Newcastle,	10	SOUTH CAROLINA	
Erie bank,	¾	All solvent banks,	2
Farm. & Mnov. Waynesb'g,	¾	GEORGIA.	
Franklin bk. Washington,	par	All solvent banks,	3
Harrisburg bank,	½	TENNESSEE.	
Honesdale bank,	¾	All solvent banks,	4
Bank of Warren,	¾	KENTUCKY.	
York bank,	½	All solvent banks,	¾
Relief Notes,	¾	INDIANA.	
All other solvent banks,	par	State bank and branches,	¾
OHIO.		MISSOURI.	
State bank, and branches,	¾	Bank of State of Missouri,	½
All other solvent banks,	¾	WISCONSIN.	
NEW ENGLAND.		Mar. & Fire Ins. Co. checks,	5
All solvent banks,	½	MICHIGAN.	
NEW YORK.		All solvent banks,	3
New York City,	par	CANADA.	
" Country,	½	All solvent banks,	3
MARYLAND.			
Baltimore,	par		
Country,	½		

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